

Love in a Wood,

O R,

St. James's-Park.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. WYCHERLEY.

— *Excludit sanos Helicone poetas*
Democritus ; — Horat.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown,
in St. Paul's-Church-Yard, 1711.

Where also may be had Mrs. Behn's Works, in 3 vol. Price 15 s.

Claudius Manger most excellent French Grammer, the 21st. Edit. 2 s.

A brief and easie Method to understand the Roman History done for the use of the
duke of Burgundy, faithfully Translated by Mr. T. Brown, with Addit. 2 s.

Injur'd Love ; or, The Cruel Husband : A Tragedy. 1 s. 6 d.

All Mistaken ; or, the Mad Couple : A Comedy. 1 s. 6 d.

Effex and *Elizabeth* ; or, the Unhappy Favourite ; A Novel. 1 s.

MANHATTAN COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVENT JENSEN WENDELL
A. 1919

James Park

W. M. E. D. Y.

MAJESTY'S

by M. J. W. H. E. R. E. T.

L. O. R. D. O. X.

16.60
/ 20

TO HER
GRACE
THE
Dutcheſs of CLEVELAND.

MADAM,

ALL Authors whatever in their Dedication are Poets ; but I am now to Write to a Lady, who ſtands as little in need of Flattery, as her Beauty of Art ; otherwiſe, I ſhou'd prove as ill a Poet to her in my Dedication, as to my Reader in my Play: I can do your Grace no Honour, nor make you more Admirers than you have already ; yet I can do my ſelf the honour to let the World know, I am the greateſt you have ; you will Pardon me, Madam, for you know, 'tis very hard for a new Author, and Poet too, to govern his Ambition ; for Poets, let them paſs in the World never ſo much, for modeſt, honeſt Men, but begin praife to others, which concludes in themſelves ; and are like Rooks, who lend People money, but to win it back again, and ſo leave them in debt to 'em for nothing ; they offer Laurel and Incenſe to their Hero's, but wear it themſelves, and perſume themſelves. This is true, Madam, upon the honeſt word of an Author, who never yet writ Dedication ; yet though I cannot lye like them, I am as vain as they, and cannot but publickly give your Grace my humble acknowledgments for the Favours I have receiv'd from you : This, I ſay, is the Poet's Gratitude, which in plain Engliſh, is only Pride and Ambition ; and that the World might know your Grace did me the Honour to ſee my Play twice together ; yet perhaps my Enviſers of your Favour will ſuggeſt 'twas in Lent, and therefore for your Mortification ; then, as a jealous Author, I am concern'd not to have your Grace's Favours leſſen'd, or rather my reputation ; and to let them know, you were pleas'd, after that, to command a Copy from me of this Play ; the way without Beauty and Wit, to win a poor Poet's heart. 'Tis a ſign your Grace underſtands nothing better, than obliging all the World, after the beſt and moſt proper manner ; But, Madam, to be obliging to that exceſs as you are, (Pardon me, if I tell you, out of my extream concern, and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*service for your Grace) is a dangerous quality, and may be very incommo-
to you ; for Civility makes Poets as troublesome, as Charity makes Beggars ;
and your Grace will be hereafter as much pester'd with such scurvy Offerings as
this, Poems, Panegyricks, and the like, as you are now with Petitions : And,
Madam, take it from me, no Man with Papers in's hand, is more dreadful
than a Poet, no, not a Lawyer with his Declarations ; your Grace sure did
not well consider what ye did, in sending for my Play ; you little thought I
wou'd have had the confidence to send you a Dedication too : But, Madam,
you find I am as unreasonable, and have as little Conscience, as if I had driven
the Poetick Trade longer than I have, and ne'er consider you had enough of
the Play ; but (having suffer'd now so severely) I beseech your Grace, have
a care for the future, take my Counsel, and be (if you can possible) as proud,
and ill-natur'd as other People of Quality, since your Quiet is so much con-
cern'd, and since you have more reason than any to value your self ; for you
have that perfection of Beauty (without thinking it so) which others of your
Sex but think they have ; that Generosity in your Actions, which others
of your Quality have only in their Promises ; that Spirit, Wit and Judg-
ment, and all other Qualifications which fit Hero's to Command, and would
make any but your Grace Proud. I begin now, elevated by my Subject, to
write with the Emotion and Fury of a Poet ; yet the Integrity of an Histo-
rian ; and I cou'd never be weary, nay, sure this were my only way, to make
my Readers never weary too, though they were a more impatient Generation
of People than they are. In Fine, speaking thus of your Grace, I shou'd
please all the World but you ; therefore I must once observe, and obey you
against my will, and say no more, than that I am,*

M A D A M,

Your Grace's

Most Obliged, and most

humble Servant,

William Wycherley.

PROLOGUE.

Custom, which bids the Thief from Cart Harangue,
All those that come to make and see him hang,
Wills the damn'd Poet (though he knows he's gone)
To greet you, e'er his Execution.

Not having fear of Critick 'fore his Eyes,
But still rejecting wholesome, good advice ;
He e'en is come to suffer here to day,
For counterfeiting (as you judge) a Play,
Which is against dread Phœbus highest treason,
Damn'd damning Judges, therefore you have reason :
You he do's mean, who for the self same fault,
That damning Privilege of yours have bought ;
So the huge Bankers when they needs must fail,
Send the small Brothers of their trade to Goal ;
Whilst they by breaking Gentlemen, are made,
Then more than any, scorn poor men o'th' trade ;
You harden'd Renegado Poets, who
Treat Riming Poets, worse than Turk wou'd do ;
But vent your Heathenish rage, hang, draw, and quarter,
His Muse will dye to day a fleering Martyr ;
Since for ball'd Jest, dull Libel, or Lampoon,
There are who suffer Persecution,
With the undaunted briskness of Buffoon,
And strict Professors live of Raillery,
Defying Porters Lodge, or Pillory :
For those who yet write on our Poets fate,
Should as Co-sufferers commiserate ;
But he in vain their Pity now wou'd crave,
Who for themselves (alas) no pity have,
And their own gasping credit will not save ;
And those, much less, our Criminal wou'd spare,
Who ne'er in Rhyme transgress, (if such there are).
Well then, who nothing hopes, needs nothing fear ;
And he, before your cruel Votes shall do it,
By his despair, declares himself no Poet.

Dramatis Personæ.

M R. Hart.	Mr. Ranger,	} Young Gentlemen of the Town.
Mr. Bell.	Mr. Vincent,	
Mr. Kinnaston.	Mr. Valentine,	
Mr. Lacy.	Alderman Gripe, seemingly precise, but a covetous leacherous, old Uferer of the City.	
Mr. Wintersell.	Sir Simon Addleplot, a Coxcomb, always in pursuit of Women of great Fortunes.	
Mr. Mohun.	Mr. Dapperwit, a brisk conceited, half-witted Fellow of the Town.	

W O M E N.

Mrs. Boutel.	Christina, Valentine's Mistress.
Mrs. Betty Cox.	Lydia, Ranger's Mistress.
Mrs. Knepp.	My Lady Flippant, Gripe's Sister, an effected Widow in distress for a Husband, though still declaiming against Marriage.
Mrs. Farlowe.	Mrs. Martha, Gripe's Daughter.
Mrs. Cory.	Mrs. Joyner, a Match-maker, or precise City Bawd.
Mrs. Rutter.	Mrs. Crossbite, an old cheating Jilt, and Bawd to her Daughter.
Mrs. Betty Slade.	Miss Lucy, her Daughter.
Mrs. James.	Isabel, Christina's Woman.
Mrs. Gartreight.	Leonore, Servant to Lydia.

Crossbite's Landlord, and his Prentices, Servants, Waiters, other Attendants.

The Scene L O N D O N.

Love

Love in a Wood,

O R,

St. James's-Park.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Gripe's House in the Evening.

Enter my Lady Flippant, Mrs. Joyner.

Flip. **N**OT a Husband to be had for money.
Come, come, I might have been a better House-wife for my
self (as the World goes now,) if I had dealt for an Heir with
his Guardian, Uncle, or Mother-in-law; and you are no bet-
ter than a Chouse, a Cheat.

Joy. I a Cheat, Madam.

Flip. I am out of my Money, and my Patience too.

Joy. Do not run out of your Patience whatever you do,
'Tis a necessary vertue for a Widow without
A Joynture in truly.

Flip. Vile Woman, though my Fortune be something
Wasted, my Person's in good repair;

If I had not depended on you, I had had a Husband
Before this time; when I gave you the last five Pound,

Joy. And had kept my promise if you had Cooperated.

Flip. Cooperated, what should I have done?

'Tis well known no Woman breathing could use more

Industry to get her a Husband than I have;

Has not my Husband's Scutcheon walk'd as much ground

As

As the Citizens Signs since the Fire,
That no quarter of the Town might be ignorant
Of the Widow Flippant.

Joy. 'Tis well known, Madam, indeed.

Flip. Have I not own'd my self (against my
Stomach) the Relict of a Citizen to credit my Fortune?

Joy. 'Tis confest, Madam.

Flip. Have I not constantly kept *Covent-Garden-Church*, *St. Martin's*, the
Play Houses, *Hide-Park*, *Mulberry-Garden*, and all other the Publick Marts
where Widows and Maids are expos'd?

Joy. Far be it from me to think you have an
Aversion to a Husband;
But why Madam have you refus'd so many Good Offers?

Flip. Good Offers, Mrs. Joyner, I'll be sworn
I never had an Offer since my late Husband's; if I had an Offer, Mrs. Joyner;
there's the thing, Mrs. Joyner:

Joy. Then your frequent, and publick detestation of
Marriage, is thought real;
And if you have had no Offer, there's the thing, Madam.

Flip. I cannot deny, but I always rail against Marriage,
Which is the Widows way to it certainly.

Joy. 'Tis the desperate way of the desperate
Widows in truly.

Flip. Wou'd you have us as tractable as the Wenches that eat Oatmeal; and
fool'd like them too.

Joy. If no body were wiser than I, I should think, since the VVidow wants
the natural allurements which the Virgin has, you ought to give men all other
incouragements in truly.

Flip. Therefore on the contrary, because the VVidow's Fortune (whether sup-
pos'd or real) is her chiefest Bait, the more chary she seems of it, and the more
she withdraws it, the more eagerly the busie gaping fry will bite: with us
VVidows Husbands are got like Bishopricks, by saying no; and I tell you, a
young Heir is as shie of a VVidow, as of a Rook, to my knowledge.

Joy. I can alledge nothing against your practice,
But your ill success; and indeed you must use
Another Method with Sir *Simon Addleplot*.

Flip. VVill he be at your House at the hour?

Joy. He'll be there by ten, 'tis now nine:
I warrant you he will not fail.

Flip. I'll warrant you then I will not fail,
For 'tis more than time I were sped.

Joy. Mr. *Dapperwit* has not been too busie with you, I hope, your experience
has taught you to prevent a mischance.

Flip. No, no, my mischance, (as you call it) is greater than that; I have but
three Months to reckon, e're I lye down with my Port and Equipage; and
must be delivered of a VVoman, a Foot-man and a Coach-man: For my Coach
must down, unless I can get Sir *Simon* to draw with me.

Joy.

Joyner. He will pair with you exactly if you know all. [Aside.

Flip. Ah, Mrs. Joyner, nothing grieves me like the putting down my Coach; for the fine Cloaths, the fine Lodgings, let 'em go; for a Lodging is as unnecessary a thing to a Widow that has a Coach, as a Hat to a Man that has a good Peruke, for as you see about Town she is most properly at home in her Coach, she eats, and drinks, and sleeps in her Coach; and for her Visits she receives them in the Play-house.

Joyner. Ay, ay, let the Men keep Lodgings
(As you say, Madam) if they will.

[Gripe, and Sir Simon Addleplot following him as his Man in the Habit of a Clerk at one door, and Mrs. Martha at the other.

Flip. Do you think if things had been with me as they have been, I would ever have hous'd with this Counter fashion Brother of mine, (who hates a Vest as much as a Surplice) to have my Patches assaulted every Day; at Dinner my Freedom censured, and my Visitants shut out of Doors; poor Mr. Dapperwit cannot be amitted.

Joyner. He knows him too well to keep his Acquaintance.

Flip. He is a censorious rigid Fop, and knows nothing.

Gripe. So, so ———

Joyner. Is he here?

To my Lady Flip.] Nay with your Pardon, Madam, I must contradict you there. He is a prying Common-wealths-man, an implacable Magistrate, a sturdy Pillar of his Cause, and —
But oh me is your Worship so near then? if I had
Thought you heard me. ——— [Behind.
[Aside.

Gripe. Why, why, Mrs. Joyner,
I have said as much of my self e'er now,
And without vanity, I profess.

Joyner. I know your Virtue is proof against Vain-glory;
But the truth to your Face, looks like flattery in your
Worship's Servant.

Gripe. No, no, say what you will of me in that kind,
Far be it from me to suspect you of flattery.

Joyner. In truly your Worship knows your self,
And knows me, for I am none of those ———

Flip. Now they are in ——— [Aside.
Mrs. Joyner, I'll go before to your House,
You'll be sure to come after me. [Exit Flippant.

Joyner. Immediatly; but as I was saying,
I am none of those ———

Gripe. No, Mrs. Joyner, you cannot sew Pillows
Under Folks Elbows; you cannot hold a Candle to the Devil;
You cannot tickle a Trout to take him, you ———

Joyner. Lord how well you do know me indeed;
And you shall see I know your Worship as well,
You cannot backslide from you Principles;

You cannot be terrify'd by the Laws,
Nor brib'd to Allegiance by Office, or Preferment;

You —

Gripe. Hold, hold, my praise must not interrupt yours.

Joyner. With your Worship's Pardon, (In truly) I must —

Gripe. I am full of your praise, and it will run over.

Joyner. Nay sweet Sir, you are —

Gripe. Nay sweet Mrs. Joyner, you are —

Joyner. Nay good your Worship, you are —

Stops her mouth with his handkerchief.

Gripe. I say you are —

Joyner. I must not be rude with your Worship.

Gripe. You are a Nursing Mother to the Saints;

Through you they gather together;

Through you they fructify and encrease; and through you

The Child cries out of the Hand-basket.

Joyner. Through you Virgins are Married or provided

For as well; through you the Reprobate's Wife

Is made a Saint; and through you the Widow is not

Disconsolate, nor misses her Husband.

Gripe. Through you —

Joyner. Indeed you will put me to the blush.

Gripe. Blushes are badges of Imperfection,
Saints have no shame: you are are the flower of

Matrons Mrs. Joyner.

Joyner. You are the Pink of courteous Aldermen.

Gripe. You are the Muffler of Secrecy.

Joyner. You are the Head-band of of Justice.

Gripe. Thank you sweet Mrs Joyner, do you think

So indeed? you are —

You are the Bonfire of Devotion.

Joyner. You are the Bellows of Zeal.

Gripe. You are the Cup-board of Charity.

Joyner. You are the Fob of Liberality.

Gripe. You are the Rivet of sanctify'd Love or Wedlock.

Joyner. You are the Picklock and Dark-lanthorn of Policy;

And in a word, a Conventicle of Virtues.

Gripe. Your servant, your servant, sweet Mrs. Joyner,

You have stop't my mouth.

Joyner. Your servant, your servant, sweet Alderman,

I have nothing to say.

Sir Simon. The half Pullet will be cold, Sir.

Gripe. Mrs. Joyner you shall Sup with me.

Joyner. Indeed I am engag'd to Supper with some

Of your Man's Friends; and I came on purpose

To get leave for him too.

Gripe. I cannot deny you any thing; but I have forgot to tell you what a
kind

kind of Fellow my Sister's *Dapperwit* is; before a full Table of the Coffee-House Sages, he had the Impudence to hold an Argument against me in the defence of Vests and Protections; and therefore I forbid him my House; besides when he came, I was forc'd to lock up my daughter for fear of him; nay, I think the poor Child her self was afraid of him: Come hither Child, were you not afraid of *Dapperwit*?

Martha. Yes indeed, Sir, he is a terrible Man. Yet I durst meet with him in a Piazza at Midnight. [Aside.]

Gripe. He shall never come into my doors again.

Martha. Shall Mr. *Dapperwit* never come hither again then?

Gripe. No, Child.

Martha. I am afraid he will.

Gripe. I warrant thee.

Martha. I warrant you then I'll go to him. [Aside.]

I am glad of that, for I hate him as much as Bishop.

Gripe. Thou art no Child of mine, if thou dost not hate Bishops and Wits: Well, Mrs. *Joyner*, I'll keep you no longer. *Jonas*, wait on Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyner. Good night to your Worship.

Gripe. But stay, stay, Mrs. *Joyner*, have you spoken with the Widow *Crossbite* about her little Daughter, as I desired?

Joyner. I will to morrow early, it shall be the first thing I'll do after my Prayers.

Gripe. If *Dapperwit* should contaminate her ——— I cannot rest till I have redeem'd her from the Jaws of that Lyon, good night.

Joyner. Good Gentleman. [Exeunt *Gripe* and *Martha*.]

Manent Sir Simon Addleplot and *Joyner*.

Sir Sim. Ha, ha, ha, Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyner. What's the matter, Sir *Simon*.

Sir Sim. Ha, ha, ha, ——— let us make hast to your House, or I shall burst faith and troth to see what Fools you and I make of these people.

Joyner. I will not rob you of any of the credit, I am but a feeble Instrument, you are an Engineer.

Sir Sim. Remember what you say now when things succeed, and do not tell me then, I must thank your Wit for all.

Joyner. No in truly, Sir *Simon*.

Sir Sim. Nay I'm sure *Dapperwit* and I have been Partners in many an Intrigue, and he uses to serve me so.

Joyner. He is an ill Man to Intrigue with, as you call it.

Sir Sim. I, so are all your Wits; a Pox, if a Man's understanding be not so publick as theirs, he cannot do a wise action but they go away with the honour of it, if he be of their Acquaintance.

Joyner. Why do you keep such Acquaintance then?

Sir Sim. There is a Proverb, Mrs. *Joyner*, You may know him by his Company.

Joyner. No, no, to be thought a Man of parts, you must always keep Company with a Man of less wit than your self.

Sir Sim. That's the hardest thing in the World for me to do, Faith and troth.

Joy. What, to find a Man of less Wit than your self? Pardon my Raillery, *Sir Simon*.

Sir Sim. No, no, I cannot keep Company with a Fool, I wonder how Men of parts can do't, there's something in't.

Joy. If you cou'd, all your wise actions wou'd be your own, and your Money wou'd be your own too.

Sir Sim. Nay, Faith and Troth that's true; for your Wits are plaguely given to borrow; they'll borrow of their Wench, Coach-man, or Link-boy their hire. *Mrs. Joyner*, *Dapperwit* has that trick with a vengeance.

Joy. Why will you keep Company with him then, I say? for to be plain with you, you have followed him so long, that you are thought but his Culley; for every Wit has his Culley, as every Squire his lead Captain.

Sir Sim. I his Culley, I his Culley, *Mrs. Joyner*! Lord that I should be thought a Culley to any Wit breathing.

Joy. Nay do not take it so to heart, for the best Wits Of the Town, are but Cullies themselves.

Sir Sim. To whom, to whom, to whom, *Mrs. Joyner*?

Joy. To Semstresses, and Bawds.

Sir Sim. To your knowledge, *Mrs. Joyner*. There I was with her.

Joy. To Taylors and Vintners, but especially to the French Houses.

Sir Sim. But *Dapperwit* is a Culley to none of them; for he ticks.

Joy. I care not, but I wish you were a Culley to none but me, that's all the hurt I wish you.

Sir Sim. Thank you *Mrs. Joyner*; well I will through off *Dapperwit*'s Acquaintance when I am married, and will only be a Culley to my Wife, and that's no more than the wisest Husband of 'em all is.

Joy. Then you think you shall carry *Mrs. Martha*.

Sir Sim. Your Hundred Guineys are As good as in your Lap.

Joy. But I am afraid this double plot of yours Should fail, you wou'd sooner succeed, If you only design'd upon *Mrs. Martha*, Or only upon my Lady Flippant.

Sir Sim. Nay then you are no Woman of Intrigue, Faith and Troth 'tis good to have two strings to one Bow; if *Mrs. Martha* be coy, I tell the Widow I put on my disguise for her; But if *Mrs. Martha* be kind to *Jonas*, *Sir Simon Addleplot* will be false to the Widow, which is no more than Widows are us'd to; for a Promise to a Widow is as seldom kept, as a vow made at Sea, as *Dapperwit* says.

Joy. I am afraid they shou'd discover you.

Sir Sim. You have nothing to fear, you have your twenty Guineas in your Pocket for helping me into my Service, and if I get into *Mrs. Martha*'s Quarters, you have a hundred more; if into the Widows, fifty, happy go lucky will her Ladyship be at your House at the hour?

Joy. Yes.

Sir Sim. Then you shall see when I am *Sir Simon Addleplot*, and my self, I'll look

St James's Park.

7

look like my self, now I am *Jonas* I look like an *Afs*; you never thought *Sir Simon Addleplot* cou'd have look'd so like an *Afs* by his ingenuity.

*Joy*n. Pardon me, *Sir Simon*.

Sir Sim. Nay, do not flatter, Faith and Troth.

*Joy*n. Come let us go, 'tis time.

Sir Sim. I will carry the Widow to the *French House*.

*Joy*n. If she will go.

Sir Sim. If she will go? why, did you ever know a Widow refuse a treat? no more than a Lawyer a Fee, Faith and troth, yet I know too,

No treat, sweet words, good meen, but sly Intrigue,
That must at length, the jilting Widow segue.

[Exeunt

The Scene changes to the French House, a Table,
Wine, and Candles.

Enter Vincent, Ranger, Dapperwit.

Dap. Pray, Mr. Ranger, let's have no drinking to night.

Vin. Pray, Mr. Ranger, let's have no Dapperwit to night.

Ran. Nay, nay, Vincent.

Vin. A Pox, I hate his impertinent Chat more than he does the honest *Burgundy*.

Dap. But why shou'd you force Wine upon us? we are not all of your gusto.

Vin. But why should you force your chaw'd Jest, your damn'd ends of your mouldy Lampoons, and last years Sonnets upon us, we are not all of your gusto.

Dap. The Wine makes me sick, let me perish.

Vin. Thy Rhymes make me spew.

Ran. At Rapartee already, come Vincent, I know you would Rather have him pledge you, here Dapperwit [Gives him the Glass.
But why are you so eager to have him drink always?

Vin. Because he is so eager to talk always, and there is no other ways to silence him

Waiter to them.

Wait. Here is a Gentleman desires to speak with Mr. Vincent.

Vin. I come.

[Ex: Vincent

Dap. He may drink because he is oblig'd to the Bottle, for all the Wit and Courage he has, 'tis not free and natural like yours.

Ran. He has more Courage than Wit, but wants neither.

Dap. As a Pump gone dry, if you pour no Water down you will get none out, so —

Ran. Nay, I bar similes too, to night.

Dap. Why is not the thought new, don't you apprehend it?

Ran. Yes, yes, but —

Dap. Well, well, will you comply with his sottishness too, and hate brisk things in complaisance to the Ignorant dull Age? I believe shortly 'twill be as hard to find a patient Friend to communicate ones Wit to, as a faithful Friend

to communicate ones Secret to. Wit has as few true Judges, as Painting I see.

Ran. All people pretend to be judges of both.

Dap. I, they pretend — but set you aside,
And two more. —

Ran. But why, has *Vincent* neither Courage nor Wit?

Dap. He has no Courage, because he beat his Wench for giving me *les douces yeux* once; and no Wit, because he does not comprehend my thoughts; and he is a Son of a Whore for his Ignorance; I take Ignorance worse from any Man than the Lye, because 'tis as much as to say I am no Wit.

Vincent Returns.

You need not take any notice, though, to him what I say.

Vin. Ranger, there is a Woman below in a Coach would speak with you.

Ran. With me?

[Exit Ran.]

Dap. This Ranger, Mr. *Vincent*, is as false to his Friend as his Wench.

Vin. You have no reason to say so,

But because he is absent.

Dap. 'Tis disobliging to tell a Man of his faults to his Face, if he had but your Grave Parts and Minly Wit, I should adore him; but a Pox he is a meer Buffoon, a Jack pudding, let me perish. —

Vin. You are an ungrateful Fellow, I have heard him maintain you had wit, which was more than e'er you cou'd do for your self; I thought you had own'd him your *Mecenas*.

Dap. A Pox! he cannot but esteem me, 'tis for his honour; but I cannot but be just for all that, without favour or affection, yet I confess I love him so well, that I wish he had but the hundredth part of your Courage.

Vin. He has had the Courage to save you from many a beating to my knowledge.

Dap. Come, come, I wish the Man well, and next to you, better than any Man, and I am sorry to say it, he has not Courage to snuff a Candle with his Fingers; when he is drunk indeed, he dares get a Clap, or so — and swear at a Constable.

Vin. Detracting Fop, when did you see him desert his Friend?

Dap. You have a rough kind of a Raillery, Mr. *Vincent*, but since you will have it, (though I love the Man heartily, I say) he deserted me once in breaking of Windows, for fear of the Constable,

Ranger Returns.

but you need not take notice to him, of what I tell you; I hate to put a Man to the blush.

Ran. I have had just now a Visit from my Mistress, who is as jealous of me, as a Wife of her Husband when she lies in; My Cousin *Lydia*, you have heard me speak of her.

Vin. But she is more troublesome than a Wife that lies in, because she follows you to your haunts; why do you allow her that privilege before her time?

Ran. Faith, I may allow her any privilege and be too hard for her yet; how do you think I have cheated her to night? Women are poor credulous Creatures, easily deceived.

Vin. We are poor credulous Creatures, when we think 'em so.

Ran. Intending a Ramble to St. *James's* Park to night, upon some probable hopes

hopes of some fresh Game I have in Chase, I appointed her to stay at home, with a promise to come to her within this hour, that she might not foil the scent and prevent my sport.

Vin. She'll be even with you when you are Married, I warrant you: in the mean time here's her health *Dapperwit*.

Ran. Now had he rather be at the Window writing her Anagram in the Glais, with his Diamond, or biting his Nails in the corner, for a fine thought, to come and divert us with at the Table.

Dap. No, a Pox I have no wit to night, I am as barren and hide-bound as one of your damn'd scribbling Poets, who are Sots in Company for all their wit, as a Miser is poor for all his Money; how do you like the thought.

Vin. Drink, drink.

Dap. Well, I can drink this, because I shall be repriev'd presently.

Vin. Who will be so civil to us.

Dap. Sir *Simon Addleplot*, I have bespoke him a Supper here, for he treats to-night a new rich Mistress.

Ran. That Spark who has his fruitless designs upon the Bed-ridden rich Widow, down to the sucking Heiresses in her pissing Clout; He has once the sport, but now the publick grievance of all the Fortunes in Town; for he watches them like a younger Brother that is afraid to be mump'd of his snip, and they cannot steal a Marriage, nor stay their Stomachs, but he must know it.

Dap. He has now pitch'd his Nets for *Gripe's* Daughter the rich Scrivener, and serves him as a Clerk to get admission to her, which the watchful Fop her Father, denies to all others.

Ran. I thought you had been nibbling at her once, under pretence of love to her Aunt.

Dap. I confess I have the same design yet, and *Addleplot* is but my Agent whilst he thinks me his; he brings me Letters constantly from her, and carries mine back.

Vin. Still betraying your best Friends.

Dap. I cannot in honour but betray him (let me perish,) the poor young Wench is taken with my Person, and would scratch through four walls to come to me.

Vin. 'Tis a sign she is kept up close indeed.

Dap. Betray him, I'll not be Traytor to Love for any Man.

Sir Simon Addleplot to them with the Waiter.

Sir Sim. Know'em, you are a sawcy Jack-straw to question me, (Faith and troth) I know every body, and every body knows me.

All. Sir *Simon*, Sir *Simon*, Sir *Simon*.

Ran. And you are a welcome Man to every body.

Sir Sim. Now Son of a Whore, do I know the Gentlemen? a Dog, wou'd have had a shilling of me before he wou'd let me come to you,

Ran. The Rogue has been bred at Court sure;
Get you out, Sirrah.

Sir Sim. He has been bred at a French House, where they are more unreasonable.

Vin. Here's to you, Sir *Simon*.

Sir Sim. I cannot drink, for I have a Mistress within, though I wou'd not have the People of the House to know it.

Ran. You need not be asham'd of your Mistresses, for they are commonly rich

Sir Sim. And because she is rich, I wou'd conceal her; for I never had a rich Mistress yet, but one or other got her from me presently, Faith and Troth.

Ran. But this is an ill place to conceal a Mistress in, every Waiter is an Intelligencer to your Rivals.

Sir Sim. I have a trick for that, I'll let no Waiters come in to the Room, I'll lay the Cloth my self rather.

Ran. But who is your Mistress.

Sir Sim. Your Servant, — your Servant, — —

Mr. Ranger.

Vin. Come, will you pledge me ;

Sir Sim. No, I'll spare your Wine, if you will spare me *Dapperwit's* Company, I came for that.

Vin. You do us a double favour, to take him and leave the Wine.

Sir Sim. Come, come, *Dapperwit*.

Ran. Do not go unless he will suffer us to see his Mistress too. [*Aside.*

Sir Sim. Come, come Man.

Dap. Would you have me so uncivil as to leave my Company ; they'll take it ill ?

Sir Sim. I cannot find her talk without thee ; Pray Gentlemen perswade *Mr. Dapperwit* to go with me.

Ran. We will not hinder him of better Company.

Dap. Yours is too good to be left rudely.

Sir Sim. Nay Gentlemen I would desire your Company too, if you knew the Lady.

Dap. They know her as well as I, you say I know her not.

Sir Sim. You are not every body. [*Aside.*

Ran. Perhaps we do know the Lady, Sir *Simon*.

Sir Simon. You do not, you do not, none of you ever saw her in your lives ; but if you could be secret, and civil —

Ran. We have drunk yet but our Bottle a piece.

Sir Sim. But will you be civil, Mr. *Vincent* ?

Ran. He dares not look a Woman in the Face under three Bottles.

Sir Sim. Come along then ; but can you be civil Gentlemen ? will you be civil Gentlemen ? pray be civil if you can, and you shall see her. [*Exit Sir Sim.*

[*Returns with my Lady Flippant and Mrs. Joyner.*

Dap. How, has he got his Jilt here ? [*Aside.*

Ran. The Widow *Flippant* — [*Aside.*

Vin. Is this the Woman that we never saw ? [*Aside.*

Flip. Does he bring us into Company, and *Dapperwit* one ? though I had married the Fool, I thought to have reserv'd the Wit as well as other Ladies. [*Aside.*

Sir Sim. Nay, look as long as you will, Madam, you will find them civil Gentlemen, and good Company. *Flip.*

St James's Park.

11

Flip. I am not in doubt of their civility, but yours.

Joy. You'll never leave snubbing your Servants, did you not promise to use him kindly. [*Behind.*

Flip. 'Tis true. [*Aside.*

We wanted no good Company, Sir *Simon*, as long as we had yours.

Sir Sim. But they wanted good Company, therefore I forc'd them to accept of yours.

Flip. They will not think the Company good they were forc'd into certainly

Sir Sim. A Pox I must be using the words in fashion though I never have any luck with 'em, Mrs. *Joyner*, help me off.

Joy. I suppose, Madam, he means the Gentlemen wanted not inclination to your Company, but confidence to desire so great an Honour, therefore he forc'd 'em.

Dap. What makes this Bawd here? sure Mistress your Bawds should be like the small Cards, though at first you make up a Pack, yet when the Play begins, you should be put out as useless.

Joy. Well, well, Gibeing Companion, you wou'd have the Pimps kept in only? you would so?

Vin. What, they are quarrelling?

Ran. Pimp and Bawd agree now adays like Doctor and Apothecary.

Sir Sim. Try, Madam, if they are not civil Gentlemen, talk with 'em, while I go lay the Cloth, no Waiter comes here:

My Mother us'd to tell me, I shou'd avoid all occasions of talking before my Mistress, because silence is a sign of Love as well as Prudence. [*Aside.*

Flip. Methinks you look a little yellow on't, [*Sir Simon laying the Cloath.*
Mr. Dapperwit; I hope you do not censure me
Because you find me passing away a night with this Fool;
He is not a Man to be jealous of sure.

Dap. You are not a Lady to be jealous of sure.

Flip. No certainly, but why do you look as if you were jealous then.

Dap. If I had met you in *Wheatstone's-Park*, with a drunken Foot-Soldier, I should not have been jealous of you.

Flip. Fye, fye, now you are jealous certainly, for People always when they grow jealous, grow rude; but I can Pardon it since it proceeds from Love certainly.

Dap. I am out of all hopes to be rid of this eternal old Acquaintance, when I jear her, she thinks herself prais'd, now I call her Whore in plain English, she thinks I am jealous. [*Aside.*

Flip. Sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, be not so censorious, I speak for your sake, not my own, for Jealousie is a torment, [but my Honour cannot suffer certainly.

Dap. No certainly, but the greatest torment I have is your Love.

Flip. Alas sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, indeed Love is a torment; but 'tis a sweet torment; but Jealousie is a bitter torment; I do not go about to cure you of the torment of my Love.

Dap. 'Tis a sign so.

Flip. Come, come, look up Man, is that a Rival to contest with you?

C

Dap.

Dap. I will contest with no Rival, not with my old Rival your Coach-man, but they have heartily my resignation, and to do you a favour, but my self a greater, I will help tye the knot you are fumbling for now, betwixt you Culley here, and you.

Flip. Go, go, I take that kind of Jealousie worst of all, to suspect I would be bauch'd to beastly Matrimony; but who are those Gentlemen, pray? — are they Men of Fortunes, Mrs. Joyner.

Joyner. I believe so.

Flip. Do you believe so indeed; Gentlemen. —

[*Advancing towards Ranger and Vincent.*

Ran. If the civility we owe to Ladies, had not controul'd our Envy to Mr. Dapperwit, we had interrupted e'er this your private Conversation.

Flip. Your interruption, Sir, had been most civil, and obliging, for our discourse was of Marriage.

Ran. That is a subject, Madam, as grateful as common.

Flip. O fye, fye, are you of that Opinion too? I cannot suffer any to talk of it in my Company.

Ran. Are you Married then, Madam?

Flip. No certainly.

Ran. I am sure so much Beauty cannot despair of it.

Flip. Despair of it —

Ran. Only those that are Married, or cannot be Married, hate to hear of Marriage.

Flip. Yet you must know, Sir, my aversion to Marriage is such, that you nor no Man breathing, shall ever perswade me to it.

Ran. Curs'd be the Man shou'd do so rude a thing as to perswade you to any thing against your inclination; I woud not do it so the World, Madam.

Flip. Come, come, though you seem to be a civil Gentleman, I think you no better than your Neighbours; I do not know a Man of you all, that will not thrust a Woman up into a Corner, and then talk an hour to her impertinently of Marriage.

Ran. You wou'd find me another Man in a Corner, I assure you, Madam, for you shou'd not have a word of Marriage from me, whatsoever you might find in my actions of it; I hate talking as much as you.

Flip. I hate it extreamly.

Ran. I am your Man then, Madam, for I find just the same fault with your Sex as you do with ours; I ne'er cou'd have to do with Woman in my Life, but still she wou'd be impertinently talking of Marriage to me.

Flip. Observe that, Mrs. Joyner.

Dap. Pray Mr. Ranger, let's go, I had rather drink with Mr. Vincent, than stay here with you; besides 'tis Park-time.

Ran. I come.

[*To Dap.*

Since you are a Lady that hate Marriage, I'll do you the service to withdraw the Company, for those that hate Marriage, hate loss of time

Flip. Will you go then, Sir; but before you go, Sir, pray tell me is your aversion to Marriage real?

Ran. As real as yours.

Flip.

St James's Park.

13

Flip. If it were no more real than mine —

[*Aside.*

Ran. Your Servant, Madam.

Flip. But do you hate Marriage certainly ?

[*Plucks him back.*

Ran. Certainly.

Flip. Come, I cannot believe it, you dissemble it, only because I pretend it.

Ran. Do you but pretend it then, Madam ?

Flip. I shall discover my self —

[*Aside.*

I mean, because I hold against it, you do the same in complaisance ; I for have heard say, cunning Men think to bring the coy and untractable Women to tameness, as they do some Mad People by humouring their Frenzes.

Ran. I am none of those cunning Men, yet have too much Wit to entertain the presumption of designing upon you.

Flip. 'Twere no such presumption neither.

Dap. Come away, 'sdeath don't you see your danger ?

Ran. Those aims are for Sir *Simon*, good night, Madam.

Flip. Will you needs go then ? the Gentlemen are a going, Sir *Simon*, will you let 'em ?

Sir Sim. Nay, Madam, if you cannot keep 'em, how should I ?

Flip. Stay, Sir, because you hate Marriage, I'll sing you a new Song against it.

She Sings.

*A spouse I do hate,
For either she's false or she's jealous ;
But give us a Mate,
Who nothing will ask us, or tell us.*

*She stands on no terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture,
Her love for your Farms ;
But takes her kind Man at a venture.*

*If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process, or Warning,
From Wife for a night,
You may be divorc'd in the Morning:*

*When Parents are Slaves,
Their Bratts cannot be any other ;
Great Wits, and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.*

Flip. Though it be the fashion for Women of Quality to sing any Song whatever, because the Words are not distinguish'd ; yet I should have blush'd to have done it now, but for you, Sir.

Ran. The Song is edifying, the Voice admirable, and once more I am your Servant, Madam.

Flip. What, will you go too, Mr. *Dapperwit*?

Sir Sim. Pray, Mr. *Dapperwit*, do not you go too.

Dap. I am engag'd.

Sir Sim. Well, if we cannot have their Company, we will not have their Room, ours is a private back Room; they have paid their reckoning, let's go thither again.

Flip. But pray, sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, do not go; keep him, Sir *Simon*.

Sir Sim. I cannot keep him.

[*Exeunt* Vin. Ran. Dap.]

It is impossible; (the World is so,)

One cannot keep ones Friend, and Mistress too.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. James's Park at Night.

Enter Ranger, Vincent, Dapperwit.

Ran. **H**Ang me if I am not pleas'd extreamly with this new fashion'd catterwouling, this midnight coursing in the Park.

Vin. A Man may come after Supper with his three Bottles in his Head, reel himself sober, without reproof from his Mother, Aunt, or grave Relation.

Ran. May bring his Bashful Wench, and not have her put out of Countenance by the impudent honest Women of the Town.

Dap. And a Man of VVit may have the better of the dumb shew, of well trim'd Vest, or fair Peruque; no Man's now is whitest.

Ran. And now no VVoman's modest, or proud, for her blushes are hid, and the Rubies on her Lips are died, and all sleepy and glimmering Eyes have lost their attraction.

Vin. And now a Man may carry a Bottle under his Arm, instead of his Hat, and no observing Spruce Fop will miss the Crevat that lies on ones Shoulder, or count the Pimples on ones Face.

Dap. And now the brisk Repartee ruins the complaisant Cringe, or wise Grimace; something 'twas, we Men of virtue always lov'd the night.

Ran. O blessed Season.

Vin. For good-Fellows.

Ran. For Lovers.

Dap. And for the Muses.

Ran. When I was Boy I lov'd the Night so well, I had a strong vocation to be a Bellman's Apprentice.

Vin. I a Drawer.

Dap. And I to attend the Waits of *Westminster*, let me perish.

Ran. But why do we not do the duty of this and such other places, walk, censure, and speak ill of all we meet?

Dap. 'Tis no fault of mine, let me perish.

Vin. Fye, fye, Satyrical Gentlemen, this is not your time, you cannot distinguish a Friend from a Fop.

Dap.

Dap. No matter, no matter, they will deserve amongst 'em the worst we can say.

Ran. Who comes here, Dapperwit?

Dap. By the tofs of his Head, training of his Feet, and his Elbows playing at Bo-peep Behind his back, it should be my Lord Easy.

Ran. And who the Woman?

Dap. My Lord, what d'ye call's Daughter That had a Child by——

Vin. Dapperwit, hold your Tongue.

Ran. How, are you concern'd?

Vin. Her Brother's an Honest Fellow, and will drink his Glafs.

Ran. Prithee, Vincent, Dapperwit did not hinder drinking to night, though he speak against it; why then should you interrupt his sport? now let him talk of any body.

Vin. So he will, till you cut his Throat.

Ran. Why shou'd you in all occasions thwart him, contemn him, and maliciously look grave at his jests only?

Vin. Why do's he always rail against my Friends then, and my best Friend a Beer-glafs?

Ran. Dapperwit, be your own Advocate, my Game I think is before me there? [Exit Ran.]

Dap. This Ranger, I think, has all the ill qualities, of all your Town Fops, leaving his Company for a spruce Lord, Or a Wench.

Vin. Nay, if you must rail at your own best Friends, I may forgive you railing at mine.

[Lydia and my Lady Flippant walking over the Stage.]

Lyd. False Ranger, shall I find thee here?

[Aside.]

Vin. Those are Women, are they not?

[To Dap.]

Dap. The least seems to be my Lucy sure.

[Aside.]

Vin. Faith I think I dare speak to a Woman in the Dark, let's try.

Dap. They are Persons of Quality of my Acquaintance; hold.

Vin. Nay, if they are Persons of Quality of your Acquaintance, I may be the bolder with 'em.

The Ladies go off, they follow them; Lydia and Flippant Re-enter.

Lyd. I come hither to make a discovery to night.

Flip. Of my Love to you certainly; for no body but you cou'd have debauch'd me to the Park certainly; I wou'd not return another night, if it were to redeem my dear Husband from his Grave.

Lyd. I believe you, but to get another, Widow.

Flip. Another Husband, another Husband, foh!

Lyd. There does not pass a night here, but many a match is made.

Flip. That a Woman of Honour shou'd have the word Match in her mouth: but, I hope, Madam, the Fellows do not make Honourable Love here, do they? I abominate honourable Love, upon my Honour.

Lyd. If they should make honourable Love here, I know you would prevent 'em.

Vincent.

Vincent and Dapperwit Re-enter, and walk slowly towards them.

But here come two Men will inform you what to do.

Flip. Do they come? are they Men certainly?

Lyd. Prepare for an Assault, they'll put you to't.

Flip. Will they put us to't certainly? I was never put to't yet, if they shou'd put us to't, I should drop down, down certainly.

Lyd. I believe, truly, you wou'd not have power to run away.

Flip. Therefore I will not stay the push, they come, they come, oh the Fellows come!

Flippant runs away, Lydia follows, and Vincent and Dapperwit after them.

Flippant Re-enters at t'other door alone.

So, I am got off clear: I did not run from the Men, but my Companion, for all their brags, Men have hardly Courage to set upon us, when our number is equal; now they shall see I defie 'em: for we Women have always most Courage when we are alone; but a Pox — the lazic Rogues come not, or they are Drunk and cannot run: Oh drink, abominable drink! instead of inflaming Love, it quenches it, and for one Lover it incourages, it makes a Thousand impotent. Curse on all Wine, even Rhenish Wine and Sugar —

Enter Addleplot muffled in a Cloak,

But Fortune will not see me want, here comes a single Bully, I wish he may stand;

*For now anights the jostling Nymph is bolder,
Than modern Satyr with his Cloak o'er shoulder.*

Well met, Sir.

[She puts on her Mask.]

Sir Sim. How shall I know that, forsooth, who are you? do you know me?

Flip. Who are you? don't you know me?

Sir Sim. Not I, Faith and Troth.

Flip. I am glad on't, for no Man e'er lik'd a Woman the better for having known her before.

Sir Sim. I, but then one can't be so free with a new Acquaintance, as with an old one; she may deny one the Civility.

Flip. Not till you ask her.

Sir Sim. But I am afraid to be deny'd.

Flip. Let me tell you, Sir, you cannot dis-oblige us Women more, than in distrusting us.

Sir Sim. Pish, what shou'd one ask for, when you know one's meaning? but shall I deal freely with you?

Flip. I love of my Life Men should deal freely with me; there are so few Men will deal freely with one —

Sir Sim. Are you not a Fireship; a Punk, Madam?

Flip. Well, Sir, I Love Raillery.

Sir Sim. Faith and Troth I do not railly, I deal freely.

Flip. This is the time and place for freedom, Sir.

Sir Sim. Are you handsom?

Flip. *Joan's* as good as my Lady in the dark, certainly; but Men thar deal freely, never ask Questions, certainly.

Sir

Sir Sim. How then! I thought to deal freely, and put a Woman to the Question, had been all one.

Flip. But let me tell you, those that deal freely indeed, take a Woman by—

Sir Sim. What, what, what, what?

Flip. By the hand and and lead her aside.

Sir Sim. Now I understand you, come along then.

Enter Torches and Musick at a distance.

Flip. What unmannerly Rascals are those that bring light into the Park? 'twill not be taken well from 'em by the Women certainly; still disappointed--*[Aside.]*

Sir Sim. Oh the Fiddles, the Fiddles, I sent for them hither to oblige the Women, not offend 'em; for I intend to Serenade the whole Park? to night; but my Frolick is not without an intrigue, Faith and Troth: for I know the Fiddles will call the whole Herd of vizard Masks together; and then shall I discover if a stray'd Mistress of mine be not amongst 'em, whom I treated to night at the *French-House*; but as soon as the Jilt had eat up my meat, and drank her two Bottles, she run away from me, and left me alone.

Flip. How! is it he! *Addleplot*, that I cou'd not know him by his Faith and Troth. *[Aside.]*

Sir Sim. Now I wou'd understand her tricks, because I intend to Marry her, and shou'd be glad to know what I must trust to.

Flip. So thou shalt, but not yet. *[Aside.]*

Sir Sim. Though I can give a great guess already; for if I have any intrigue or sense in me, she is as arrant as Jilt, as ever Pull'd Pillow from under Husband's head, Faith and Troth: moreover she is bow-legg'd, hopper hipp'd, and betwixt Pomatum and Spanish Red, has a Complexion like a Holland Cheese, and no more Teeth left, than such as give a Haut-goust to her breath; but she is rich (Faith and Troth.)

Flip. Oh Rascal! he has heard some body else say all this of me; but I must not discover my self, lest I should be disappointed of my revenge, for I will marry him. *[Aside.]*

The Torches and Musick approaching.

[Ex. Flippant.]

Sir Sim. What gone? come then strike up my lads.

[Enter Men and Women in Vizards, and Dance.]

Addleplot for the most part standing still in a Cloak and Vizard, but sometimes going about peeping, and examining the Womens Cloaths; the Dance ended.

Exeunt Dancers, Torches, Musick, and Addleplot.

Enter Flippant, Lydia, after them Vincent, Dapperwit.

Flip. Nay, if you stay any longer I must leave you again. *[To Lydia.]*

Vin. We have over-taken them at last again. *[Flip. going off.]*

These are they: they separate too,
And that's but a challenge to us.

Dap. Let me Perish, Ladies ———

Lyd. Nay, good Madam, let's unite, now here's the common Enemy upon us.

Vin. Damn me, Ladies ———

Dap. Hold, a Pox you are too rough, let me Perish Ladies.

Lyd. Not for want of breath, Gentlemen, we'll stay rather.

Dap. For want of you favour rather, Sweet Ladies.

Flip.

Flip. That's *Dapperwit*, false Villain; but he must not know I am here? if he should, I should lose his thrice agreeable Company, and he would run from me, as fast as from the Bayliffs. What you will not talk with 'em I hope?

Lyd. Yes, but I will.

Flip. Then you are a Park-Woman certainly, and you will take it kindly if I leave you.

Lyd. No, you must not leave me.

[*Apart.*]

Flip. Then you must leave them.

Lyd. I'll see if they are worse Company than you first.

Flip. Monstrous Impudence, will you not come?

[*Pulls Lydia.*]

Vin. Nay, Madam, I never suffer any violence to be us'd to a Woman, but what I do my self; she must stay, and you must not go.

Flip. Unhand me, you rude Fellow.

Vin. Nay, now I am sure you will stay and be kind; for coyness in a Woman is as little sign of true modesty, as huffing in a Man, is of true Courage.

Dap. Use her gently, and speak soft things to her.

Lyd. Now I do guess I know my Coxcomb.

[*Aside.*]

Sir, I am extreamly glad I am fallen into the hands of a Gentleman, that can speak soft things; and this is so fine a night to hear soft things in; Morning I shou'd have said.

Dap. It will not be Morning, dear Madam, till you pull off your Mask; that I think was brisk ———

[*Aside.*]

Lyd. Indeed, dear Sir, my Face would frighten back the Sun.

Dap. With glories, more radiant than his own;

I keep up with her, I think.

[*Aside.*]

Lyd. But why wou'd you put me to the trouble of lighting the World, when I thought to have gone to sleep?

Dap. You only can do it, dear Madam, let me perish.

Lyd. But why wou'd you (of all Men) practice Treason against your Friend *Phœbus*, and depose him, for a meer Stranger?

Dap. I think she knows me.

[*Aside.*]

Lyd. But he does not do you Justice I believe, and you are so positively cock-sure of your Wit, you wou'd refer to a meer stranger your Plea to the Bay-tree.

Dap. She jeers me, let me perish.

[*Aside.*]

Vin. *Dapperwit*, a little of your aid, for my Lady's invincibly dumb.

Lyd. Wou'd mine had been so too.

[*Aside.*]

Vin. I have us'd as many Arguments to make her speak, as are requisite to make other Women hold their tongues.

Dap. Well, I am ready to change sides, yet before I go, Madam, since the Moon consents, now I shou'd see your Face, let me desire you to pull off your Mask, which to a handsom Lady is a favour, I'm sure.

Lyd. Truly, Sir, I must not be long in debt to you for the obligation; pray, let me hear you recite some of your Verses, which to a Wit, is a favour I'm sure.

Dap. Madam, it belongs to your Sex to be oblig'd first; pull off your Mask, and I'll pull out my Paper.

Brisk again of my side.

[*Aside.*]

Lyd.

Lyd. 'Twou'd be in vain, for you would want a Candle now.

Dap. I dare not make use again of the lustre of her Face : I'll Wait upon you home then, Madam.

[*Aside*]

Lyd. Faith no, I believe it will not be much to our advantages, to bring my Face or your Poetry to light, for I hope, you have yet a pretty good opinion of my Face, and so have I of your Wit ; but if you are for proving your Wit, why do not you write a Play ?

Dap. Because 'tis now no more Reputation to write a Play, than it is Honour to be a Knight: your true Wit despises the Title of Poet, as much as your true Gentleman the Title of Knight ; for as a Man may be a Knight and no Gentleman, so a Man may be a Poet and no Wit, let me perish.

Lyd. Pray, Sir, how are you dignify'd or distinguish'd amongst the rates of Wits ? and how many rates are there ?

Dap. There are as many degrees of Wits, as of Lawyers ; as there is first your Solicitor, then your Attorney, then your Pleading-Counsel, then your Chamber-Counsel, and then your Judge ; so there is first your Court-Wit, your Coffee-Wit, your Poll-Wit, or Pollitick-Wit, your Chamber-Wit, or Scribble-Wit, and last of all, your Judg-Wit, or Critick.

Lyd. But are there as many Wits as Lawyers ? Lord, what will become of us ? what employment can they have ? how are they known ?

Dap. First, your Court-Wit is a fashionable, insinuating, flattering, cringing, grimacing, Fellow ; and has Wit enough to solicit a suit of Love ; and if he fail, he has Malice enough to ruin the Woman with a dull Lampoon, but he rails still at the Man that is absent, for you must know, all Wits Rail ; and his Wit properly lies in combing Perruques, matching Ribbons, and being severe, as they call it, upon other Peoples Cloaths.

Lyd. Now, what is the Coffee-Wit ?

Dap. He is a lying, censorious, gossiping, quibbling Wretch, and sets People together by the Ears, over that sober Drink, Coffee ; he is a Wit, as he is a Comentator upon the Gazet ; and he Rails at the Pyrats of *Algire*, the Grand Signior of *Constantinople*, and the Christian Grand Signior.

Lyd. What kind of Wit is your Poll-Wit ?

Dap. He is a fidgeting, busie, dogmatical, hot-headed Fop, that speaks always in Sentences and Proverbs, (as others in Similitudes) and he Rails perpetually against the present Government ; his Wit lies in Projects and Monopolies, and penning Speeches for young Parliament Men.

Lyd. But what is your Chamber-Wit, or Scribble-Wit ?

Dap. He is a poring, melancholy, modest Sot, ashamed of the World ; he searches all the Records of Wit, to compile a Breviate of them for the use of Players, Printers, Book-sellers, and sometimes Cooks, Tobacco-men ; he employs his railing against the Ignorance of the Age, and all that have more Money than he.

Lyd. Now your last.

Dap. Your Judge-Wit or Critick, is all these together, and yet has the Wit to be none of them ; he can think, speak, write, as well as all the rest, but scorns (himself a Judge) to be judg'd by Posterity ; he Rails at all the other Classes of Wits, and his Wit lies in damming all but himself : He is your true Wit.

D

Lyd.

Lyd. Then, I suspect you are of his Form.

Dap. I cannot deny it Madam.

Vin. *Dapperwit*, you have been all this time on the wrong side, for you love to talk all, and here's a Lady wou'd not have hindred you.

Dap. A Pox, I have been talking too long indeed here; for Wit is lost upon a silly weak Woman, as well as Courage. [*Aside.*]

Vin. I have us'd all common means to move a Womans Tongue and Mask; I call'd her ugly, old, and old Acquaintance, and yet she wou'd not disprove me: but here comes *Ranger*, let him try what he can do, for since my Mistress is dogged, I'll go sleep alone. [*Exit.*]

Ranger Enters.

Lyd. *Ranger*! 'tis he indeed; I am sorry he is here, but glad I discovered him before I went, yet he must not discover me, lest I should be prevented hereafter, in finding him out, false *Ranger*. [*Aside.*]

Nay, if they bring fresh force upon us, Madam, 'tis time to quit this Field. [*Ex. Lyd. Flip.*]

Ran. What, play with your Quarrey till it fly from you.

Dap. You frighten it away.

Ran. Ha! is not one of those Ladies in mourning?

Dap. All Women are so by this light.

Ran. But you might easily discern it, don't you know her?

Dap. No.

Ran. Did you talk with her?

Dap. Yes, she's one of your brisk silly Baggages.

Ran. 'Tis she, 'tis she, I was afraid I saw her before, let us follow 'em, prithee make hast. [*Exeunt.*]

'Tis *Lydia*. [*Aside.*]

Lydia, my Lady Flippant return at the other door,

Ranger, Dapperwit, following them at a distance.

Lyd. They follow us yet I fear.

Flip. You do not fear it certainly, otherwise, you wou'd not have encouraged them.

Lyd. For Heavens sake, Madam, wave your quarrel a little; and let us pass by your Coach, and so on foot to your Acquaintance in the old *Pell-mell*; for I would not be discover'd by the Man that came up last to us. [*Exeunt.*]

The Scene changes to Christina's Lodging.

Enter Christina, Isabel.

Isa. For Heavens sake undress your self, Madam; they'll not return to night, all People have left the Park an hour ago.

Chri. What is't a Clock?

Isa. 'Tis past one.

Chri. It cannot be.

Isa. I thought, that time had only stolen from happy Lovers; the Disconsolate have nothing to do but to tell the Clock.

Chri. I can only keep account with my Misfortunes.

Isa. I am glad they are not innumerable.

Chri. And truly my undergoing so often your impertinency, is not the least of them. [*Isa.*]

Isa. I am then more glad, Madam, for then they cannot be great; and it is in my power, it seems, to make you in part happy, if I could but hold this villanous Tongue of mine, but then let the People of the Town hold their Tongues if they will, for I cannot but tell you what they say.

Chri. What do they say?

Isa. Faith, Madam, I am afraid to tell you, now I think on't.

Chri. Is it so ill?

Isa. O, such base unworthy things.

Chri. Do they say, I was really *Clerimont's* Wench as he boasted; and that the ground of the quarrel betwixt *Valentine* and him, was not *Valentine's* Vindication of my honour, but *Clerimont's* jealousy of him.

Isa. Worse, worse a Thousand times, such Villanous things to the utter ruin of your Reputation.

Chri. What are they?

Isab. Faith, Madam, you'll be Angry, 'tis the old trick of Lovers to hate their Informers, after they have made 'em such.

Chri. I will not be Angry.

Isab. They say then, since Mr. *Valentine's* flying into *France*, you are grown mad, have put your self into Mourning, live in a dark Room, where you'll see no body, nor take any rest day or night, but rave and talk to your self perpetually.

Chri. Now what else?

Isab. But the surest sign of your madness is, they say, because you are desperately resolv'd (in case my Lord *Clerimont* should dye of his wounds) to Transport your self and Fortune into *France*, to Mr. *Valentine*, a Man that has not a Groat to return you in Exchange.

Chri. All this hitherto, is true; now to the rest.

Isab. Indeed Madam, I have no more to tell you, I was sorry, I'm sure, to here so much of any Lady of mine.

Chri. Insupportable Insolence.

Isab. This is some Revenge for my want of Sleep to Night; so I hope my old Second is come; 'tis seasonable Relief. [*Aside.* [*Knocking at the Door.*

Chri. Unhappy *Valentine*, cou'dst thou but see how soon thy Absence, and Misfortunes have disbanded all thy Friends, and turn'd thy Slaves all Renegado's, thou sure wou'dst prize my only faithful Heart. [*Exit Isabella.*

Enter my Lady Flippant, Lydia, Isabel, to her.

Flip. Hail Faithful Shepherdess; but truly, I had not kept my word with you, in coming back to Night, if it had not been for this Lady, who has her intrigues too with the Fellows, as well as you.

Lyd. Madam, under my Lady *Flippant's* Protection, I am confident to beg yours; being just now pursu'd out of the Park by a Relation of mine, by whom it imports me extreamly not to be discover'd; but I fear he is now at the door.

[*Knocking at the door.*

Let me desire you to deny me to him couragiously,
For he will hardly believe he can be mistaken in me.

[*To Isabel going out.*

Chri. In such an occasion were impudence is requisite, she will serve you, as Faithfully as you can wish, Madam.

Flip. Come, come, Madam, do not upbraid her with her assurance, a qualification that only fits her for a Ladies Service; a fine Woman of the Town, can be no more without a Woman that can make an excuse with an Assurance, than she can be without a Glass certainly.

Chri. She needs no Advocate.

Flip. How can any one alone manage an Amorous Intrigue; tho' the Birds are tame, some Body must help draw the Net; if 'twere not for a Woman that could make an excuse with assurance, how shou'd we wheedle, jilt, trace, discover, countermine, undermine, and blow up the stinking Fellows, which is all the pleasure I receive, or design by them; for I never admitted a Man to my Conversation, but for his Punishment certainly.

Chri. No body will doubt that, certainly.

Isabel Returns.

Isa. Madam, the Gentleman will not be mistaken, he says you are here, he saw you come in; he is your Relation, his Name's *Ranger*, and is come to wait upon you home; I had much ado to keep him from coming up.

Lyd. Madam, for Heavens sake help me, 'tis yet in your Power, if but while I retire into your Dining-room, you will please to personate me, [*To Christina.* and own your self, for her he pursu'd out of the Park; you are in Mourning too, and your Stature so much mine, it will not contradict you.

Chri. I am sorry, Madam, I must dispute any Command of yours; I have made a Resolution to see the Face of no Man, till an Unfortunate Friend of mine, now out of the Kingdom, return.

Lyd. By that Friend, and by the Hopes you have to see him, let me conjure you to keep me from the sight of mine now; Dear Madam, let your Charity prevail over your Superstition.

Isa. He comes, he comes, Madam.

Ranger Enters.

Lydia withdraws, and stands unseen at the door.

Ran. Ha! this is no *Lydia*.

Chri. What unworthy Defamer has encourag'd you to offer this Infolence.

Ran. She is liker *Lydia* in her Stile, than her Face; I see I am mistaken, but to tell her I follow'd her for another, were an Affront, rather than an Excuse; she's a glorious Creature. [*Aside.*

Chri. Tell me, Sir, whence had you Reason, for this your rude pursuit of me, into my Lodgings, my Chamber; why should you follow me?

Ran. Faith, Madam, because you run away from me.

Chri. That was no sign of an Acquaintance.

Ran. You'll pardon me, Madam.

Chri. Then it seems you mistook me for another, and the Night is your Excuse, which blots out all Distinctions: But now you are satisfied in your mistake, I hope, you will seek out your Woman in another place.

Ran. Madam, I allow not the Excuse you make for me; if I have Offended, I will rather be Condemn'd for my Love, than Pardon'd for my Insensibility.

Lyd. How's that?

[*Behind.*

Chri. VVhat do you say?

Ran.

Ran.
me to f
mistake
Lyd.
Chri.
Ran.
Cou'd y
had lef
Chri.
Ran.
till now
Lyd.
Chri.
Ran.
sembled
Lyd.
Ran.
might
the san
I would
rageme
man do
more i
Lyd.
and ma
in the
Chri.
fatisfe
her cru
Lyd.
Ran.
Honour
tolerabl
Chri.
Ran.
seen yo
Play-ho
business
Chri.
Ran.
Chri.
Lyd.
Chri.
Ran.
A Pox,
ill luck
am still

Ran. Though the night had been darker, my heart wou'd not have suffer'd me to follow any one but you; he has been too long acquainted with you, to mistake you.

Lyd. What means this tendernefs; he mistook me for her sure? [*Behind.*

Chri. What says the Gentleman? did you know methen, Sir?

Ran. Not I, the Devil take me, but I must on now. [*Aside.*

Could you imagine, Madam, by the innumerable crowd of your Admirers, you had left any Man free in the Town, or ignorant of the Power of your Beauty?

Chri. I never saw your face before, that I remember.

Ran. Ah Madam! you wou'd never regard your humb'lest Slave; I was till now a modest Lover.

Lyd. Falsest of Men.

[*Behind.*

Chri. My Woman said, you came to seek a Relation here, not a Mistress.

Ran. I must confess, Madam I thought you wou'd sooner disprove my dissembled Errour, than admit my Visit, and was resolv'd to see you.

Lyd. 'Tis clear.

[*Behind.*

Ran. Indeed, when I follow'd you first out of the Park, I was afraid you might have been a certain Relation of mine, for your Statures and Habits are the same; but when you enter'd here, I was with joy convinc'd: Besides, I would not for the World have given her troublesome Love, so much encouragement, to have disturb'd my future Addresses to you; for the Foolish Woman do's perpetually torment me, to make our Relation nearer; but never more in Vain, than since I have seen you, Ma dam.

Lyd. How shall I suffer this? 'tis clear he disappointed me to night for her, and made me stay at home, that I might not disappoint him of her Company in the Park.

[*Behind.*

Chri. I am amaz'd! but let me tell you, Sir, if the Lady were here, I wou'd satisfy her, the sight of me shou'd never frustrate her ambitious designs upon her cruel Kinsman.

Lyd. I wish you cou'd satisfy me.

[*Behind.*

Ran. If she were here, she wou'd satisfy you, she were not capable of the Honour to be taken for you (though in the dark) faith, my Cousin is but a tolerable Woman to a man that had not seen you.

Chri. Sure to my Plague, this is the first time you ever saw me?

Ran. Sure to the Plague of my poor heart, 'tis not the hundredth time I have seen you; for since the time I saw you first, you have not been at the Park, Play-house, Exchange, or other publick place, but I saw you; for it was my business to watch and follow you.

Chri. Pray, when did you see me last at the Park, Play-house, or Exchange?

Ran. Some two, three days, or a Week ago.

Chri. I have not been this Month out of this Chamber.

Lyd. That is to delude me.

[*Behind.*

Chri. I knew you were mistaken.

Ran. You'll pardon a Lovers memory, Madam.

A Pox, I have hang'd my self in my own line, one wou'd think, my perpetual ill luck in lying, should break me of the quality; but like a losing Gamster, I am still for pushing on, till none will trust me.

[*Aside.*

Chri.

Chri. Come, Sir, you run out of one Errour into a greater, you would Excuse the rudeness of your mistake, and intrusion at this hour, into my Lodgings with your gallantry to me, more unseasonable and offensive.

Ran. Nay, I am in love I see, for I blush, and have not a word to say for my self.

Chri. But, Sir, if you will needs play the Gallant, pray leave my House before Morning, lest you shou'd be seen go hence, to the scandal of my Honour.

Chri. Rather than that shou'd be, I'll call up the House and Neighbours to bear witness, I bid you be gone.

Ran. Since you take a night visit so ill, Madam, I will never wait upon you again, but by day; I go, that I may hope to return, and for once, I wish you a good night without me.

Chri. Good night, for as long as I live.

[*Ex.* Ranger.

Lyd. And good night to my love, I'm sure.

[*Behind.*

Chri. Though I have done you an inconsiderable service, I assure you, Madam, you are not a little oblig'd to me.

Pardon me, dear *Valentine*.

[*Aside.*

Lyd. I know not yet, wether I am more oblig'd than injur'd; when I do, I assure you, Madam, I shall not be insensible of either.

Chri. I fear, Madam, you are as liable to mistakes, as your Kinsman.

Lyd. I fear, I am more subject to 'em, it may be for want of sleep, therefore I'll go home.

Chri. My Lady *Flippant*, good Night.

Flip. Good Night, or rather good Morrow, faithful Shepherdess.

Chri. I'll wait of you down.

Lyd. Your Coach stays yet, I hope.

Flip. Certainly.

The Scene, the Street.

Enter Ranger, and Dapperwit.

Dap. I was a faithful Sentinel, no body came out, let me perish.

Ran. No, no, I hunted upon a wrong scent; I thought I had follow'd a Woman, but found her an Angel.

Dap. What is her Name?

Ran. That you must tell me; What very fine Woman is there lies hereabouts?

Dap. Faith, I know not any, she is I warrant you some fine Woman, of a Terms standing or so in the Town; such as seldom appear in publick, but in their Balcones, where they stand so constantly, one wou'd think they had hir'd no other part of the House.

Ran. And look like the Pictures, which Painters expose to draw in Customers; but I must know who she is, *Vincent's* Lodging is hard by, I'll go and enquire of him, and lyewith him to night; but if he will not let me, I'll lye with you, for my Lodging is too far off.

Dap. Then I will go before, and expect you at mine.

[*Ex.*

The

The Scene, Vincent's Lodging.

Enter Vincent, and Valentine, in a riding habit, as newly from a Journey.

Vin. Your Mistress, dear *Valentine*, will not be more glad to see you; but my wonder is no less than my joy, that you wou'd return ere you were inform'd *Clerimont* were out of Danger; his Surgeons themselves, have not been assur'd of his recovery, till within these two days.

Val. I fear'd my Mistress, not my Life; my Life I cou'd trust again with my old Enemy, Fortune; but not longer, my Mistress, in the hands of my greater Enemies, her Relations.

Vin. Your fear was in the wrong Place then, for though my Lord *Clerimont* live, he and his Relations, may put you in more Danger of your Life, than your Mistresses Relations can of losing her.

Val. Wou'd any cou'd secure her, I wou'd my self secure my Life, for I shou'd value it then.

Vin. Come, come, her Relations can do you no hurt; I dare swear, If her Mother shou'd but say, your Hat did not cock handsomly, she wou'd never ask her Blessing again.

Val. Prithee leave thy fooling, and tell me, if since my departure, She has given evidences of her Love, to clear those doubts I went away with; for as absence is the bane of common and bastard Love; 'tis the vindication of that, which is true and generous.

Vin. Nay, if you cou'd ever doubt her Love, you deserve to doubt on; for there is no punishment great enough for Jealousie, but Jealousie.

Val. You may remember, I told you before my flight, I had quarrell'd with the defamer of my Mistress, but thought I had kill'd my Rival.

Vin. But pray give me now the Answer, which the suddenness of your flight deny'd me; how cou'd *Clerimont* hope to subdue her heart, by the assault of her Honour?

Val. Pish, it might be the Statagem of a Rival, to make me desist.

Vin. For shame, if 'twere not rather to vindicate her, than satisfy you, I wou'd not tell you, how like a *Penelope* she has behav'd her self in your absence.

Val. Let me know.

Vin. Then know, the next day you went, she put her self into mourning, and ———

Val. That might be for *Clerimont*, thinking him dead, as all the World besides thought.

Vin. Still turning the Daggers point on your self, hear me out; I say she put her self into Mourning for you — lock'd her self in her Chamber, this Month for you — shut out her barking Relations for you — has not seen the Sun or the Face of Man, since she saw you — — thinks, and talks of nothing but you — sends to me daily to hear of you — and in short (I think) is mad for you — all this I can swear, for I am to her so near a Neighbour, and so inquisitive a Friend for you ———

Servant to them.

Ser. Mr. Ranger, Sir, is coming up.

Vin.

Vin. What brings him now ? he comes to lye with me.

Val. Who, *Ranger* ?

Vin. Yes, pray retire a little, till I send him off, unless you have a mind to have your arrival publish'd to morrow, in the Coffee-Houses.

Ran. What, not yet a-bed ? your Man is laying you to sleep.

[*Valentine retires to the door behind.*

with *Ulsquebaugh* or *Brandy*, is he not so ?

Vin. What Punk will not be troubled with you to night, therefore I am, is it not so ?

Ran. I have been turn'd out of doors indeed just now, by a Woman, but such a Woman, *Vincent* ———

Vin. Yes, yes, your Women are always such Women. ———

Ran. A Neighbour of yours, and I'm sure the finest you have.

Vin. Prithee do not asperse my Neighbourhood with your Acquaintance ; 'twould bring a Scandal upon an Alley.

Ran. Nay, I do not know her, therefore I come to you.

Vin. 'Twas no wonder she turn'd you out of doors then ; and if she had known you, 'twould have been a wonder she had let you stay ; but where does she live ?

Ran. Five Doors off on the right hand.

Vin. Pish, pish ———

Ran. What's the matter ?

Vin. — Does she live there, do you say ?

Ran. Yes, I observ'd them exactly, that my account from you, might be as exact ; do you know who lives there ?

Vin. Yes, so well, that I know you are mistaken.

Ran. Is she not a young Lady scarce eighteen, of extraordinary Beauty, her stature next to low, and in mourning ?

Val. What is this ?

[*Behind.*

Vin. She is ; but if you saw her, you broke in at Window :

Ran. I chas'd her home from the Park, indeed, taking her for another Lady who had some claim to my heart, 'till she shew'd a better title to't.

Vin. Hah, hah, hah.

Val. Was she at Park then ? and have I a new Rival ?

[*Behind.*

Vin. From the Park did you follow her, do you say, I knew you were mistaken.

Ran. I tell you I am not.

Vin. If you are sure, it was that House, it might be perhaps her Woman stolen to the Park, unknown to her Lady.

Ran. My Acquaintance does usually begin with the Maid first, but now 'twas with the Mistress, I assure you.

Vin. The Mistress ! I tell you, she has not been out of her doors since *Valentine's* flight ; she is his Mistress, the great Heiress *Christina*.

Ran. I tell you then again I follow'd that *Christina*, from the Park home, where I talk'd with her half an hour, and intend to see her to Morrow again.

Val. Would she talk with him too ?

[*Behind.*

Vin. It cannot be.

Ran.

Ran. *Christina*, do you call her? Faith I am sorry she is an Heiress, lest it should bring the Scandal of interest, and design of *Lucre* upon my Love.

Vin. No, no, her Face and Virtues will free you from that censure; but however, 'tis not fairly done to Rival your Friend *Valentine* in his absence; and when he is present, you know 'twill be dangerous, by my Lord *Clerimont's* Example; Faith if you have seen her, I would not advise you to attempt it again.

Ran. You may be merry, Sir, you are not in Love; your advise I come not for, nor will I for your assistance; good Night.

Val. Here's your *Penelope*, the Woman that [Ex. Ranger. had not seen the Sun, nor Face of Man, since my departure; for it seems she goes out in the night, when the Sun is absent, and faces are not distinguish'd.

Vin. Why, do you believe him?

Val. Shou'd I believe you?

Vin. 'Twere more for your interest, and you wou'd be less deceiv'd; if you believe him, you must doubt the Chastity of all the fine Women in Town, and five miles about.

Val. His reports of them, will little invalidate his testimony with me.

Vin. He spares not the Innocents in Bibs and Aprons (I'll secure you) he has made (at best) some gross mistake concerning *Christina*, which to Morrow will discover; in the mean time let us go sleep.

Val. I will not hinder you, because I cannot enjoy it my self;

*Hunger, Revenge, to sleep are petty Foes,
But only Death the jealous Eyes can close.*

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Crofsbite's House.

Enter Mrs. Joyner, Mrs. Crofsbite.

Joyn. Good Morrow Gossip.

Crof. Good Morrow; but why up so early, good Gossip?

Joyn. My care and passionate concern for you, and yours, wou'd not let me rest (in truly.)

Crof. For me and mine?

Joyn. You know, we have known one another long; I think it be some nine and thirty Years since you were Married.

Crof. Nine and Thirty Years old, Mistress? I'd have you to know, I am no far born Child; and if the Register had not been burn'd in the last great Fire, alas; but my Face needs no Register sure: Nine and Thirty Years old, said you?

Joyn. I said you had been so long Married; but indeed, you bear your Years as well as any she in *Pepper-Alley*.

Crof. Nine and Thirty, Mistress?

E

Joyn.

Joyn. This it is; a Woman, now-adays, had rather you should find her faulty with a Man, I warrant you, than discover her Age, I warrant you.

Cros. Marry and 'tis the greatest secret far; tell a Miser he is Rich, and a Woman she is old; you will get no Money of him, nor Kindness of her: To tell me I was Nine and Thirty, (I say no more) 'twas Unneighbourly done of you, Mistress.

Joyn. My Memory confesses my Age, it seems, as much as my Face, for I thought——

Cros. Pray talk, nor think no more of any ones Age; but say, what brought you hither so early? -

Joyn. How does my sweet God-daughter? Poor Wretch.

Cros. Well, very well.

Joyn. Ah sweet Creature; alas, alas, I am sorry for her.

Cros. Why, what has she done to deserve your Sorrow, or my Reprehension?

Lucy comes to the door.

Lucy. What, are they talking of me?

[*Behind.*

Joyn. In short she was seen going into the Meeting-house of the Wicked, otherwise call'd a Play-House, hand in hand, with that vile fellow *Dapperwit*.

Cros. Mr. *Dapperwit*; let me tell you, if 'twere not for Master *Dapperwit*, we might have liv'd all this Vacation upon Green-Cheese, Tripe, and Ox-cheek; if he had it, we should not want it; but poor Gentleman, it often goes hard with him, for he's a Wit.

Joyn. So then, you are the Dog to be fed, while the House is broken up; I say beware, the sweet bits you swallow, will make your Daughters Belly swell, Mistress; and after all your Junkets, there will be a bone for you to pick, Mistress.

Cros. Sure, Master *Dapperwit* is no such manner of Man?

Joyn. He is a Wit, you say, and what are Wits? but contemners of Matrons, Seducers, or Defamers of married Women, and Deflourers of helpless Virgins, even in the Streets, upon the very Bulks; Affronters of midnight Magistracy, and Breakers of Windows in a word.

Cros. But he is a little Wit, a modest Wit, and they do no such outrageous things as your great Wits do.

Joyn. Nay, I dare say, he will not say himself he is a little Wit, if you ask him.

Lucy. Nay, I cannot hear this with Patience; with your (*Aside.*) Pardon, Mother, you are as much mistaken as my God-mother in Mr. *Dapperwit*; for he is as great a Wit as any, and in what he speaks or writes, as happy as any; I can assure you, he contemns all your tearing Wits, in comparison of himself.

Joyn. Alas, poor young Wretch, I cannot blame thee so much as thy Mother, for thou art not thy self; his bewitching Madrigals have charm'd thee into some Heathenish Imp with a hard name.

Lucy. Nymph, you mean, God-mother.

Joyn. But you Gossip, know what's what; Yesterday, as I told you, a fine Old Alderman of the City, seeing your Daughter in so ill hands as *Dapperwit*'s, was zealously, and in pure Charity, bent upon her Redemption; and has sent me to tell you, he will take her into his care, and relieve your necessities, if you think good.

Cros.

Cros. Will he relieve all our necessities?

Joy. All.

Cros. Mine, as well as my Daughter's?

Joy. Yes.

Cros. Well fare his heart; d'ye hear, Daughter, Mrs. Joyner has satisfy'd me clearly; *Dapperwit* is a vile Fellow, and in short, you must put an end to that scandalous familiarity between you.

Lucy. Leave sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*— Oh furious ingratitude! was not he the Man that gave me my first Farrendon Gown, put me out of Worsted Stockings, and plain Handkerchiefs, taught me to dress, talk, and move well?

Cros. He has taught you talk indeed; but, Huswife, I will not have my pleasure disputed.

Joy. Nay, indeed you are too tart with with her, poor sweet Soul.

Lucy. He taught me to Rehearse too, wou'd have brought me into the Playhouse, where I might have had as good luck as others: I might have had good Cloaths, Plate, Jewels, and things so well about me; that my Neighbours, the little Gentlemens Wives, of Fifteen Hundred, or Two Thousand Pound a year, should have retir'd into the Country, sick with envy, of my Prosperity and Greatness.

Joy. If you follow your Mothers Counsel, you are like to enjoy all you talk of sooner; than by *Dapperwit*'s assistance; a poor Wretch that goes on tick for the Paper he writes his *Lampoons* on; and the very Ale and Coffee that inspires him as they say.

Cros. I am credibly informed so, indeed, Madam Joyner.

Joy. Well, I have discharg'd my Conscience; good Morrow to you both.

Enter *Dapperwit*, Ranger; *Crossbite's Dining-room*.

Dap. This is the Cabinet, in which I hide my Jewel, a small House, in an obscure, little, retired street too.

Ran. Vulgarly an Alley.

Dap. Nay, I hide my Mistress with as much Care, as a Spark of the Town do's his Money from his Dun, after a good hand of Play; and nothing but you cou'd have wrought upon me for a sight of her, let me perish.

Ran. My obligation to you is great; do not lessen it by delays, of the favour you promised.

Dap. But do not censure my Honour, for if you had not been in a desperate condition— for as one nail must beat out another, one poyson expel another, one fire draw out another, one fit of drinking cure the sickness of another; so the Surfeit you took last Night of *Christina's Eyes*, shall be cured by *Lucy's* this Morning, or as——

Ran. Nay, I bar more Similitudes.

Dap. VVhat, in my Mistresses Lodging? that were as hard as to bar a young Parson in the Pulpit, the fifth of *November*, railing at the Church of *Rome*; or as hard as to put you to bed to *Lucy*, and defend you touching her; or as——

Ran. Or as hard as to make you hold your tongue—— I shall not see your Mistress, I see?

Dap. Miss *Lucy*, Miss *Lucy*——

[Knocks at the door, and returns.
the

the Devil take me, if good Men (I say no more) have not been upon their knees to me, to see her, and you at last must obtain it.

Ran. I do not believe you.

Dap. 'Tis such as she, she is beautiful, without affectation; amorous without impertinency; airy, and brisk without impudence; frolick without rudeness; and in a word, the justest Creature breathing to her assignation.

Ran. You praise her, as if you had a mind to part with her; and yet you resolve, I see, to keep her to your self.

Dap. Keep her, poor Creature, she cannot leave me; and rather than leave her, I wou'd leave writing Lampoons or Sonnets almost.

Ran. Well, I'll leave you with her then.

Dap. What, will you go without seeing her?

Ran. Rather than stay without seeing her.

Dap. Yes, yes, you shall see her; but let me perish if I have not been offered a Hundred Guinies for a sight of her; by—— I say no more.

Ran. I understand you now; if the favour be to be purchased, then I'll bid all I have about me for't. [*Aside.*

Dap. Fye, fye, Mr. *Ranger*, you are pleasant 'ifaith; do you think I would sell the sight of my Rarity? like those Gentlemen who hang out Flags at *Charing-cross*, or like ——

Ran. Nay, then I'm gone again.

Dap. What, you take it ill I refuse your Money? rather than that shou'd be, give us it; but take notice I will borrow it; now I think on't, *Lucy* wants a Gown, and some Knacks.

Ran. Here.

Dap. But I must pay it you again; I will not take it, unless you engage your honour, I shall pay it you again.

Ran. You must pardon me; I will not engage my honour for such a trifle; go fetch her out.

Dap. Well, she's a ravishing Creature, such Eyes and Lips.

Mr. Ranger.

Ran. Prithee go.

Dap. Such Neck and Breasts, Mr. *Ranger*.

Ran. Again, prithee go.

Dap. Such Feet, Legs, and Thighs, Mr. *Ranger*.

Ran. Prithee let me see 'em.

Dap. And a Mouth no bigger than a Ring; I need say no more.

Ran. Wou'd thou wer't never to speak again.

Dap. And then so neat, so sweet a Creature in Bed, than to my knowledge, she do's not change her Sheets in half a year.

Ran. I thank you for that allay to my impatience.

Dap. Miss *Lucy*, Miss *Lucy*, Miss.

[*Knocking at the door.*

Ran. Will she not open?

Dap. I am afraid, my pretty Miss is not stirring, and therefore will not admit us.

Dap. Fye, fye, a quibble next your stomach in a Morning; what if she shou'd hear us, wou'd you lose a Mistress for a quibble? that's more than I cou'd do, let me perish.

Ran.

Ran. Is she not gone her walk to Lambs Conduit?

Dap. She is within, I hear her.

Ran. But she will not hear you; she's as deaf, as if you were a Dun or a Constable.

Dap. Pish, give her but leave to gape, rub her Eyes, and put on her day Pinner; the long patch under the left Eye: awaken the Roses on her cheeks, with some Spanish wooll, and warrant her breath with some Lemmon Peel; the doors flie off of the hindges, and she into my Arms; she knows there is as much Artifice to keep a victory, as to gain it; and 'tis a sign she values the conquest of my heart.

Ran. I thought her Beauty had not stood in need of Art.

Dap. Beauty's a Coward, still with out the help of Art, and may have the fortune of a Conquest, but cannot keep it; Beauty and Art can no more be asunder, than Love and Honour.

Ran. Or to speak more like your self, Wit and Judgment.

Dap. Don't you hear the door wag yet?

Ran. Not a whit.

Dap. Miss, Miss, 'tis your slave that calls; come, all this Tricking for him; lend me your Comb, Mr. Ranger.

Ran. No, I am to be preferred to day, you are to set me off; you are in Possession; I will not lend you Arms to keep me out —

Dap. A Pox, don't let me be ungrateful; if she has smugg'd her self up for me, let me Prune, and Flounce my Peruque a little for her; there's ne'er a young fellow in the Town but will do as much for a meer stranger in the Play-House.

Ran. A Wits Wig has the priviledge of being uncomb'd in the very Play-House, or in the presence —

Dap. But not in the presence of his Mistress; 'tis a greater neglect of her than himself; pray lend me your Comb.

Ran. I wou'd not have men of Wit, and Courage, make use of every Fops mean Arts, to keep, or gain a Mistress.

Dap. But don't you see every day, though a Man have never so much Wit and Courage, his Mistress will revolt to those Fops that wear, and Comb Peruques well; I'll break off the Bargain, and will not receive you, my Partner.

Ran. Therefore you see I am setting [Combs his Peruque. up for my self.

Dap. She comes, she comes, pray, your Comb. [Snatches Ranger's Comb!

Enter Mrs. Crossbite to them.

Cros. Bargain, what are you offering us to sale?

Dap. A Pox, is't she? here take your Comb again then. [Returns the Comb.

Cros. Wou'd you sell us? 'tis like you y'fads.

Dap. Sell thee, where shou'd we find a Chapman? go prithee Mother, call out my Dear Miss Lucy.

Cros. Your Miss Lucy; I do not wonder you have the Conscience to Bargain for us behind our backs, since you have the impudence to claim a propriety in us to my Face.

Ran. How's this, Dapperwit;

Dap.

Dap. Come, come, this Gentleman will not think the worfe of a Woman; for my Acquaintance with her ; he has seen me bring your Daughter to the Lure with a Chiney Orange, from one side of the Play-house to the other.

Cros. I wou'd have the Gentleman, and you to know, my Daughter is a Girl of Reputation, though she has been seen in your Company; but is now so sensible of her past danger, that she is resolv'd never more to venture her Pitcher Well, as they say.

Dap. How's that Widow? I wonder at your confidence.

Cros. I wonder at your old Impudence, that where you have had so frequent repulses, you shou'd provoke another, and bring your Friend here to witness your disgrace.

Dap. Hark you Widow a little.

Cros. What, have you Mortgaged my Daughter to that Gentleman; and now wou'd offer me a snip to joyn in the security.

Dap. She over-heard me talk of a bargain; 'twas unlucky: [Aside. your wrath is grounded upon a Mistake: Miss *Lucy* her self shall be judge, call her out pray.

Cros. She shall not, she will not come to you.

Dap. Till I hear it from her own mouth, I cannot believe it.

Cros. You shall hear her say't through the door.

Dap. I shall doubt it, unless she say it to my Face.

Cros. Shall we be troubled with you no more then?

Dap. If she command my death, I cannot dis-obey her.

Cros. Come out, Child.

[*Lucy* (holding down her head) to them.

Dap. Your Servant, dearest Miss, can you have? —

Cros. Let me ask her.

Dap. No I'll ask her.

Ran. I'll throw up Crofs or Pile who shall ask her.

Dap. Can you have the heart to say, you will never more break a Cheese-cake with me, at New Spring-garden, the Neat-house or *Chelfey*; never more sit in my lap at a New Play; never more to wear a suit of Knots of my choice; and last of all, never more pass away an Afternoon with me again, in the Green Garret? in — do not forget the Green Garret.

Lucy. I wish I had never seen the Green Garret; Damm the Green Garret.

Dap. Damm the Green Garret, you are strangely alter'd.

Lucy. 'Tis you are alter'd.

Dap. You have refus'd *Colby's* Mulberry Garden, the French-houses, for the Green Garret; and a little something in the Green Garret, pleas'd you more than the best Treat the other Places cou'd yeild; and can you of a sudden quit the Green Garret?

Lucy. Since you have a design to Pawn me for the Rent, 'tis time to remove my Goods.

Dap. Thou art extreemly mistaken.

Lucy. Besides, I have heard such strange things of you this Morning.

Dap. What things?

Lucy. I blush to speak 'em.

Dap. I know my Innocence, therefore take my charge as a favour; what have I done?

Lucy.

Lucy. Then know, vile Wit, my Mother has confess'd just now, thou wer't false to me, to her too certain knowledge; and hast forc'd even her to be false to me too.

Dap. Faults in drink, *Lucy*, when we are not our selves, shou'd not condemn us.

Lucy. And now to let me out to hire like Hackney; I tell you my own dear Mother shall bargain for me no more; there are as little as I can bargain for themselves now a-days, as well as properer Women.

Cros. Whispering all this while; beware of his snares again, come away, Child

Dap. Sweet, dear, *Mifs.*

Lucy. Bargain for me; you have reckon'd without your Hostess, as they say bargain for me, bargain for me. [Exit Lucy.]

Dap. I must return then, to treat with you.

Cros. Treat me no treatings, but take a word for all; you shall no more dishonour my Daughter, nor molest my Lodgings, as you have done at all hours.

Dap. Doyou intendto change 'em, then, to *Bridewell*, or *Longs* powdering-Tub.

Cros. No, to a Bailifs House, and then you'll be so civil, I presume, as not to trouble us.

Ran. Here, will you have my Comb again, *Dapperwit.*

Dap. A pox, I think Women take inconstancy from me, worse than from any Man breathing.

Cros. Pray, Sir, forget me, before you write your next Lampoon. [Ex. Cros.]

Sir Simon Addleplot in the dress of a Clark.

To Ranger and Dapperwit.

Sir Sim. Have I found you? have I found you, in your by-walks, Faith and troth? I am almost out of breath in following you; Gentlemen when they get into an Alley, walk so fast; as if they had more earnest business there, than in the broad streets.

Dap. How came this Sot hither? Fortune has sent him to ease my choler. [Aside.]
You impudent Rascal, who are you? that dare intrude thus on us. [Strikes him.]

Sir Sim. Don't you know me *Dapperwit*? sure you know me. [Softly.]

Dap. Wilt thou dishonour me with thy Acquaintance too? thou rascally, insolent, Pen and Ink-man. [Strikes him again.]

Sir Sim. Oh, oh sure, you know me, pray know me. [Speak softly.]

Dap. By the sawcy familiarity, thou shou'dst be a Marker at a Tennis-Court, a Barber, or a Slave that fills Coffee.

Sir Sim. Oh! oh!

Dap. What art thou? [Kicks him.]

Sir Sim. Nay, I must not discover my self to *Ranger*, for a Kick or two; oh, pray hold, Sir, by that you will know me. [Delivers him a Letter.]

Dap. How, *Sir Simon*!

Sir Sim. Mum, mum, make no excuses, Man, I wou'd not *Ranger* shou'd have known me for five hundred — Kicks.

Dap. Your disguise is so natural, I protest, it will excuse me

Sir Sim. I know that, prithee make no excuses, I say; no Ceremony between thee and I, Man; read the Letter.

Dap. What, you have not open'd it?

Sir

Sir Sim. Prithee don't be angry, the Seal is a little Crack'd; for I cou'd not help kissing Mrs. *Martha's* Letter, the word is, now or never, her Father she finds will be abroad all this day, and she longs to see your friend Sir *Simon Adleplot*: Faith 'tis a pretty jest; While I am with her, and praising my self to her, at no ordinary rate; let thee and I alone, at an Intrigue.

Dap. Tell her, I will not fail to meet her, at the place, and time, have a care of your charge; and manage your business like your self, for your self.

Sir Sim. I warrant you.

Dap. The gaining *Gripe's* Daughter, will make me support the loss of this young Jilt here. [Aside.]

Ran. What fellow's that?

Dap. A Servant to a Friend of mine.

Ran. Methinks he something resembles our Acquaintance, Sir *Simon*, but it is no complement to tell him so; for that Knight is the most egregious Coxcomb, that ever plaid with Ladies Fan.

Sir Sim. So; thanks to my disguise, I know my Enemies, [Aside.]

Ran. The most incorrigible Ass, beyond the reproof of a Kicking Rival, or a frowning Mistress; but if it be possible, thou dost use him worse than his Mistress, or Rival can; thou dost make such a Culley of him.

Sir Sim. Do's he think so too? [Aside.]

Dap. Go, friend, go about your business, [Ex Sir Simon.] a Pox, you wou'd spoil all, just in the critical time of projection, he brings me here a Summons from his Mistress, to meet her in the Evening; will you come to my Wedding?

Ran. Don't speak so loud, you'll break poor *Lucy's* heart; poor creature, she cannot leave you; and rather than leave her, you shou'd leave writing of Lampoons, or Sonnets — almost.

Dap. Come, let her go, ungrateful baggage; but now you talk of Sonnets, I am no living Wit, if her love has not cost me two thousand Couplets at least.

Ran. But what wou'd you give now, for a new Satyr against Women, ready made; 'twou'd be as convenient to buy Satyrs against Women, ready made, as it is to buy Crevats ready ty'd.

Dap. Or as —

Ran. Hay, come away, come away, Mr. or as —

[Exeunt.]

Enter Mrs. Joyner, *Gripe*.

Gripe. Peace, Plenty, and Pastime be within these Walls.

Joy. 'Tis a small House you see, and mean Furniture, for no Gallants are suffer'd to come hither; she might have had ere now, as good Lodgings, as any in Town; her *Moreclack* Hangings, great Glasses, Cabinets, *China* embroider'd Beds, *Persia* Carpets, Gold-plate, and the like, if she wou'd have put her self forward; but your Worship may please, to make 'em remove to a place fit to receive one of your Worship's quality; for this is a little scandalous in truly.

Gripe. No, no, I like it well enough, I am not dainty; besides privacy, privacy, Mrs. Joyner, I love privacy, in opposition to the Wicked, who hate it.

Joy. What do you look for, Sir?

[Looks about.]

Gripe. Walls have Ears; but besides, I look for a private place to retire to, in

in time of need ; oh here's one convenient. [*Turns up a Hanging, and discovers the slender provisions of the Family.*

Joyn. But you see poor innocent Souls, to what use they put it, not to hide Gallants.

Gripe. Temperance is the Nurse of Chastity.

Joyn. But your Worship may please to mend their fare ; and when you come, may make them entertain you, better than you see, they do themselves.

Gripe. No, I am not dainty, as I told you ; I abominate Entertainments ; no Entertainments, pray, Mrs. Joyner.

Joyn. No.

[*Aside.*

Gripe. There can be no Entertainment to me, more Luscious and Savoury, than the communion with that little Gentlewoman ; will you call her out ? I fast till I see her.

Joyn. But intruly your Worship, we shou'd have brought a Bottle or two of Rhenish, and some Naples-Bisket, to have Entertain'd the young Gentlewoman ; 'tis the mode for Lovers to Treat their Mistresses.

Gripe. Modes, I tell you, Mrs. Joyner, I hate Modes and Forms.

Joyn. you must send for something to Entertain her with.

Gripe. Again Entertaining ; we will be to each other a Feast.

Joyn. I shall be asham'd, intruly your Worship ; besides, the young Gentlewoman will despise you.

Gripe. I shall content her, I warrant you, leave it to me.

Joyn. I am sure you will not content me, if you will not content her ; 'tis as impossible for a Manto love, and be a miser, as to love and be wise, as they say. [*Aside.*

Gripe. While you talk of Treats, you starve my Eyes ; I long to see the fair One ; fetch her hither.

Joyn. I am asham'd she shou'd find me so abominable a Lyar ; I have so prais'd you to her, and above all your Vertues, your Liberality ; which is so great a Vertue, that it often excuses Youth, Beauty, Courage, Wit, or any thing.

Gripe. Pish, Pish, 'tis the Vertue of Fools, every Fool can have it.

Joyn. And will your Worship want it then ? I told her ———

Gripe. Why wou'd you tell her any thing of me ? you know I am a modest Man ; but come, if you will have me as extravagant as the wicked ; take that and fetch us a Treat, as you call it.

Joyn. Upon my Life a Groat, what will this purchase ?

Gripe. Two Black-Pots of Ale, and a Cake, at the Cellar : Come, the Wine has Arsenick in't.

Joyn. Well, I am mistaken, and my hopes are abus'd : I never knew any man so mortify'd a Miser, that he would deny his Letchery any thing ; I must be even with thee then another way. [*Goes out.* [*Aside.*

Gripe. These useful old Women are more exorbitant, and craving in their desires, than the young ones in theirs ; these Prodigals in white Peruques spoil 'em both ; and that's the reason when the Squires come under my clutches, I make 'em pay for their folly and mine, and 'tis but Conscience : Oh here comes the fair One at last.

Enter Joyner leading in Lucy, who hangs backward as she enters.

Lucy. Oh Lord, there's a Man, God-mother !

Joyn. Come in, Child, thou art so bashful ———

F

Lucy.

Lucy. My Mother is from home too, I dare not.

Joy. If she were here, she'd teach you better manners.

Lucy. I'm afraid she'd be angry.

Joy. To see you so much an Afs; come along, I say.

Gripe. Nay, speak to her gently; if you won't, I will.

Lucy. Thank you, Sir.

Gripe. Pretty innocent, there is, I see, one left of her Age; what hap have I! sweet, little Gentlewoman, come sit down by me.

Lucy. I am better bred, I hope, Sir.

Gripe. You must sit down by me.

Lucy. I'd rather stand, if you please.

Gripe. To please me, you must sit, Sweetest.

Lucy. Not before my God-mother, sure.

Gripe. Wonderment of Innocence!

Joy. A poor bashful Girl, Sir; I'm sorry she is not better taught.

Gripe. I am glad she is not taught; I'll teach her my self.

Lucy. Are you a Dancing-Master then, Sir? but if I should be dull, and not move as you wou'd have me, you wou'd not beat me, Sir, I hope?

Gripe. Beat thee, Hony-Suckle; I'll use thee thus, and thus, and thus; Ah, Mrs. Joyner, prithee go fetch our Treat now. [Kisses her.

Joy. A Treat of a Groat, I will not wag.

Gripe. Why don't you go? here, take more money, and fetch what you will; take here, half a Crown.

Joy. What will half a Crown do?

Gripe. Take a Crown then, an Angel, a Piece; be gone.

Joy. A Treat only will not serve my turn, I must buy the poor Wretch there some toys.

Gripe. What toys? what? speak quickly.

Joy. Pendants, Neck-laces, Fans, Ribbons, Poynts, Laces, Stockings, Gloves ———

Gripe. Hold, hold, before it comes to a Gown.

Joy. Well remember'd, Sir, indeed she wants a Gown, for she has but that one to her back; for your own sake you should give her a new Gown, for variety of Dresses, rouses desire, and makes an old Mistress seem every day a new one.

Gripe. For that reason she shall have no new Gown; for I am naturally constant, and as I am still the same, I love she shou'd be still the same; but here take half a Piece for the other things.

Joy. Half a piece ———

Gripe. Prithee be gone, take t'other Piece then; two Pieces, three Pieces, five; here, 'tis all I have.

Joy. I must have the Broad-Seal Ring too, or I stir nor.

Gripe. Insatiable Woman, will you have that too?

Prethee spare me that, 'twas my Grandfather's.

Joy. That's false, he had ne'er a Coat; so now I go; this is but a violent fit, and will not hold. [Aside.

Lucy. Oh, whither do you go, God-mother? will you leave me alone?

Joy.

Joyner. The Gentleman will not hurt you; you may venture your self with him alone.

Lucy. I think I may, God-mother; what, will [Ex. Joyner. You lock me in, Sir? don't lock me in, Sir. [Fumbling at the door, locks it.—

Gripe. 'Tis a private lesson, I must teach you, fair.

Lucy. I don't see your Fiddle, Sir, where is your little Kitt?

Gripe. I'll shew it thee presently, Sweetest; Necessity, Mother of Invention; [Gripe setting a Chair against the door. Come my dearest. [Takes her in his Arms.

Lucy. What do you mean, Sir? don't hurt me, Sir, will you — Oh, oh, you will kill me! Murder, Murder, Oh, oh — help, help, oh — [Crys out.

The door broke open; Enter Crossbite, and two Men in

Aprons, her Landlord, and his Prentice.

Cross. What, Murder my Daughter, Villain?

Lucy. I wish he had murder'd me, oh, oh —

Cross. What has he done?

Lucy. Why wou'd you go out, and leave me alone? unfortunate Woman that I am.

Gripe. How now, what will this end in?

Cross. Who brought him in?

Lucy. That Witch, that Treacherous false Woman, my God-mother, who has betray'd me, sold me to his lust; oh, oh —

Cross. Have you ravish'd my Daughter then, you old Goat? ravish'd my Daughter, ravish'd my Daughter, speak, Villain.

Gripe. By yea, and by nay, no such matter.

Cross. A canting Rogue too; take notice, Landlord, he has ravish'd my Daughter, you see her all in tears and distraction;

And see there the wicked Engine of the filthy Execution; [Pointing to the Chair. Jeremy, call up the Neighbours, and the Constable,

False Villain, thou shalt dye for't.

Gripe. Hold, hold; nay, I am caught.

Cross. Go, go, make haste —

Lucy. Oh, oh —

Cross. Poor Wretch, go quickly.

Gripe. Hold, hold; thou young Spawn of the old Serpent; Wicked, as I thought thee Innocent; wilt thou say I wou'd have ravish'd thee?

Lucy. I will swear you did ravish me.

Gripe. I thought so, Treacherous Eve, then I am gone, I must shift as well as I can.

Lucy. Oh, oh —

Cross. Will none of you call up the Neighbours, and the Authority of the Alley?

Gripe. Hold, I'll give you Twenty Mark among you, to let me go.

Cross. Villain, nothing shall buy thy Life.

Land. But stay, Mrs. Crossbite, let me talk with you.

Lucy. Oh, oh —

Land. Come, Sir, I am your Friend; in a word, I have appeas'd her, and she shall be contented with a little sum.

Gripe. What is it? what is it?

Land. But five hundred pound.

Gripe. But five hundred pound; hang me then, hang me rather.

Land. You will say I have been your Friend.

Pren. The Constable, and Neighbours are a coming.

Gripe. How, how; will you not take a hundred? pray use Conscience in your ways. [Kneels to Crossbite.

Cros. I scorn your Money, I will not take a Thousand.

Gripe. My Enemies are many, and I shall be a Scandal to the Faithful, as a Laughing-stock to the wicked; [Aside.

Go, prepare your Engines for my Persecution;
I'll give you the best security I can.

Land. The instruments are drawing in the other Room.
If you please to go thither.

Cros. Indeed, now I consider; a Portion will do my Daughter more good, than his death, that wou'd but publish her shame; Money will cover it, *probatum est*, as they say — Let me tell you, Sir, 'tis a charitable thing to give a young Maid a Portion. [Omnes Exeunt.

The Scene changes to Lydia's Lodging.

Enter Lydia, my Lady Flippant.

Lyd. 'Tis as hard for a Woman to conceal her indignation from her apostate Lover, as to conceal her Love from her faithful servant.

Flip. Or almost as hard as it is, for the prating fellows now adays, to conceal the favours of obliging Ladies.

Lyd. If *Ranger* shou'd come up, (I saw him just now in the street) the discovery of my Anger to him now, wou'd be as mean, as the discovery of my Love to him before.

Flip. Though I did so mean a thing, as to love a Fellow, I wou'd not do so mean a thing, as to confess it, certainly, by my trouble to part with him; If I confess Love, it should be before they left me.

Lyd. So you wou'd deserve to be left, before you were; but cou'd you ever do so mean a thing, as to confess Love to any?

Flip. Yes; but I never did so mean a thing, as really to Love any?

Lyd. You had once a Husband.

Flip. Fye, Madam, do you think me so ill-bred, as to love a Husband.

Lyd. You had a Widows heart, before you were a Widow I see.

Flip. I shou'd rather make an adventure of my Honour, with a Gallant, for a Gown, a new Coach, a Neck-lace, than clap my Husbonds cheeks for them, or sit in his lap; I shou'd be asham'd to be caught in such a posture, with a Husband, as a brisk well-bred Spark of the Town, wou'd be, to be caught on his Knees at Prayers, unless to his Mistress.

To them, Ranger, Dapperwit.

Lyd. Mr. *Ranger*, 'twas obligingly done of you.

Ran. Indeed, Cousin, I had kept my promise with you, last night, but this Gentleman knows —

Lyd.

Lyd. You mistake me, but you shall not lessen any favour you do me ; you are going to excuse your not coming to me last night, when I take it as a particular obligation, that though you threatned me with a Visit, upon consideration you were so civil, as not to trouble me.

Dap. This is an unlucky Morning with me ; here's my eternal persecution, the Widow Flippant. [*Aside.*

Flip. What, Mr. Dapperwit !

Ran. Indeed, Cousin, besides my business, another cause, I did not wait on you, was, my apprehension, you were gone to the Park, notwithstanding your promise to the contrary.

Lyd. Therefore, you went to the Park, to Visit me there, notwithstanding your promise to the contrary.

Ran. Who, I at the Park ; when I had promis'd to wait upon you at your Lodging ; but were you at the Park, Madam ;

Lyd. Who, I at the Park ? when I had promis'd to wait for you at home ; I was no more at the Park than you were ; were you at the Park ?

Ran. The Park had been a dismal desert to me, notwithstanding all the good Company in't ; if I had wanted yours.

Lyd. Because it has been the constant endeavour of Men, to keep Women ignorant, they think us so ; but 'tis that encreases our inquisitiveness, and makes us know them ignorant, as false ; he is as impudent a dissembler as the Widow Flippant, who is making her importunate addresses, in vain, for ought I see. [*Aside.*

Flippant driving Dapperwit from one side of the Stage, to the other.

Flip. Dear, Mr. Dapperwit, merciful Mr. Dapperwit.

Dap. Unmerciful Lady Flippant.

Flip. Will you be satisfied ?

Dap. Won't you be satisfied ?

Flip. That a Wit shou'd be Jealous ! that a Wit shou'd be Jealous ! there's never a brisk young fellow in the Town, though no Wit, Heaven knows ; but thinks too well of himself, to think ill of his Wife, or Mistress ; now that a Wit shou'd lessen his opinion of himself, for shame. [*Aside to Dapperwit.*

Dap. I promis'd to bring you off, but I find it enough to shift for my self ——— [*Softly apart to Ranger.*

Lyd. VVhat, out of breath, Madam ?

Flip. I have been defending our cause, Madam ; I have beat him out of the Pit ; I do so mumble these prating, censorious fellows, they call VVits, when I meet with them.

Dap. Her Ladyship indeed, is the only thing in Petty-coats, I dread, 'twas well for me there was Company in the Room ; for I dare no more venture my self with her alone, then a Culley that has been bit, dares venture himself in a Tavern, with an old Rook.

Flip. I am the revenger of our Sex, certainly.

Dap. And the most insatiable one, I ever knew, Madam ; I dare not stand your Fury longer ; Mr. Ranger, I will go before and make a new appointment with your Friends that expect you at dinner, at the French-House, 'tis fit business still wait on Love.

Ran.

Ran. Do so — but now I think on't, Sir *Thomas* goes out of Town this Afternoon, and I shall not see him here again these three months.

Lyd. Nay, pray take him with you, Sir.

Flip. No, Sir, you shall not take the Gentleman from his Mistress: [do not go yet, sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*.] [Aside.]

Lyd. Take him with you, Sir; I suppose his business may be there, to borrow, or win, money, and I ought not to be his hind'rance; for when he has none, he has his desperate designs upon that little I have; for want of money, makes as devout Lovers as Christians.

Dap. I hope, Madam, he offers you no less security, than his liberty.

Lyd. His liberty, as poor a pawn to take up Money on, as honour; he is like the desperate Bank Routs of this Age, who if they can get peoples Fortunes into their hands, care not though they spend them in Goal, all their lives.

Flip. And the poor crediting Ladies, when they have parted with their money, must be contented with a pitiful composition, or starve for all them.

Ran. But Widows are commonly so wise, as to be sure their men are solvable before they trust 'em.

Flip. Can you blame 'em; I declare, I will trust no man, pray do not take it ill, Gentlemen; Quacks in their Bills, and Poets in the Titles of their Plays, do not more disappoint us, then Gallants with their promises; but I trust none.

Dap. Nay, she's a very Jew in that particular; to my knowledge, she'll know her man, over and over again, before she trust him.

Ran. Well, my dearest Cousin, good morrow; when I stay from you, so long again blame me to purpose, and be extreemly angry; for nothing can make me amends for the loss of your Company, but your reprehension of my absence; I'll take such a Chiding, as kindly as *Russian* Wives, do beating.

Lyd. If you were my Husband, I cou'd not take your absence more kindly, than I do.

Ran. And if you were my Wife, I wou'd trust you as much out of my sight, as I cou'd, to shew my opinion of your Virtue.

Flip. A well-bred Gentleman, I warrant; will you go then, cruel Mr. *Dapperwit*? [Ex: Ranger and *Dapperwit*.]

Lyd. Have I not dissembled well, *Leonor*? [Apart.]

Leo. But, Madam, to what purpose; why do you not put him to his tryal, and see what he can say for himself?

Lyd. I am afraid lest my proofs, and his guilt, shou'd mak him desperate, and so contemn that pardon, which he cou'd not hope for.

Leo. 'Tis unjust to condemn him, before you hear him.

Lyd. I will reprieve him till I have more evidence.

Leo. How will you get it?

Lyd. I will write him a Letter in *Christina's* name, desiring to meet him; when I shall soon discover, if his love to her be of a longer standing, than since last night; and if it be not, I will not longer trust him with the vanity, to think she gave him the occasion, to follow her home from the Park; so will at once disabuse him and my self.

Leo. What care the jealous take in making sure of ills, which they, but in imagination, cannot undergo.

Lyd.

Lyd. Misfortunes are least dreadful, when most near.
Tis less to undergo the ill, than fear.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Gripe's House.

Enter Mrs. Joyner, and Gripe, in a Blew Gown and Night Cap.

Joy. **W**Hat not well, your Worship? this it is, you will be laying out your self beyond your strength; you have taken a Surfeit of the little Gentlewoman, I find; indeed, you shou'd not have been so immoderate in your embraces, your Worship is something in years, in truly.

Gripe. Graceless, Perfidious VWoman, what mak'st thou here? art thou not afraid to be us'd like an Informer, since thou hast made me pay thee for betraying me?

Joy. Betray your VVorship, what do you mean? I an Informer, I scorn your words.

Gripe. VWoman, I say again, thou art as Treacherous as an Informer, and more unreasonable; for he lets us have something for our money, before he disturbs us.

Joy. Your Money, I'm sure, was laid out faithfully; and I went away because I wou'd not disturb you.

Gripe. I had not grudg'd you the Money I gave you, but the five hundred pound; the five hundred pound, Inconscionable false VWoman; the five hundred pound; you cheated, trappan'd, rob'd me of the five hundred pound.

Joy. I cheat you, I rob you; well, remember what you say, you shall answer it before Mr. *Double-Cap*, and the best of —

Gripe. Oh impudent VWoman, speak softly!

Joy. I will not speak softly, for innocence is loud, as well as bare-fac'd; is this your return, after you have made me a meer drudge to your filthy lusts?

Gripe. Speak softly, my Sister, Daughter and Servants will hear.

Joy. I wou'd have witnesses, to take notice, that you blast my good name, which was as white as a Tulip, and as sweet as the head of your Cane; before you wrought me to the carrying on the work of your fleshly carnal seekings.

Gripe. Softly, softly, they are coming in.

Enter Flippan and Martha.

Flip. VVhat's the matter, Brother?

Gripe. Nothing, nothing, Sister, only the Godly VWoman is fallen into a fit of Zeal, against the enormous transgressions of the Age; go, go, you do not love to hear vanity reprov'd; pray be gone.

Joy. Pray stay, Madam, that you may know —

Gripe. Hold, hold, here are five Guineys for thee,

Pray say nothing.

Sister, pray be gone, I say; wou'd you prejudice

[*Aside.* To Joyner.

Your

Your own reputation, to injure mine?

[*Ex. Flippant and Martha.*

Joy. VVou'd you prejudice your own Soul to wrong my repute intruly?

[*She seems to weep.*

Gripe. Pray have me in excuse ; indeed, I thought, you had a share of the Five hundred pound, because you took away my Seal Ring, which they made me send, together with a Note to my Cash keeper for five hundred pound ; besides, I thought none, but you, knew it was my wonted token to send for Money by.

Joy. 'Tis unlucky I shou'd forget it, and leave it on the Table ; but oh the Harlotry ! did she make that use of it then ? 'twas no wonder you did not stay till I came back.

Gripe. I stay'd till the Money releas'd me.

Joy. Have they the Money then ? five hundred pound !

Gripe. Too certain.

Joy. They told me not a word of it ; and have you no way to retrieve it ?

Gripe. Not any.

Joy. I am glad of it.

[*Aside.*

Is there no Law but against Saints ?

Gripe. I will not for five hundred pound, publish my transgression my self ; lest I shou'd be thought to glory in't ; though, I must confess, 'twould tempt a Man to conform to publick praying and sinning ; since 'tis so chargeable to pray, and sin in private.

Joy. But are you resolv'd to give off, a loser ?

Gripe. How shall I help it ?

Joy. Nay I'll see you shall have, what the young Jade has, for your Money, I'll make 'em use some conscience however ; take a man's Money for nothing ?

Gripe. Thou say'st honestly indeed ; and shall I have my penniworths out of the little Gentlewoman for all this ?

Joy. I'll be engag'd body for body for her, and you shall take the forfeiture on me else.

Gripe. No, no, I'll rather take your word, Mrs. Joyner.

Joy. Go in and dress your self Smug, and leave the rest to me.

Gripe. No Man breathing would give off a loser, as she says.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, sitting at a desk writing as a Clerk, my Lady Flippant jogging him.

Sir Sim. 'Tis a Lord's Mortgage, and therefore requires the more hast ; pray do not jog me Madam.

Flip. Dull Rascal.

[*Aside.*

Sir Sim. They cannot stay for Money, as other Folks ; if you will not let me make an end on't, I shall lose my Expedition-Fee.

Flip. There are some Clerks wou'd have understood me before this. [*Aside.*

Sir Sim. Nay, pray be quiet, Madam ; if you squeeze me so to the wall, I cannot write.

Flip. 'Tis much for the honour of the Gentlemen of this Age, that we Persons of Quality are forc'd to descend to the importuning of a Clerk, a Butler, Coach-man, or Foot-man ; while the Rogues are as dull of apprehension too,

as

as an unfledg'd Country Squire, amongst his Mothers Maids, *[Aside. [Jogs him again.]*

Sir Sim. Again, Let me tell you Madam, familiarity breeds contempt; you'll never leave, till you have made me sawcy.

Flip. I wou'd I cou'd see that.

Sir Sim. I vow and swear then, get you gone; or I'll add a black patch, or two to thole on your face.

I shall have no time to get Mrs. Martha out, for her.

Flip. Will you, Sir, will you?

[Aside.]

Sir Sim. I must have a plot for her, she is a coy Woman.

[Jogs him again.]

I vow and swear if you pass this Crevise, I'll kiss you in plain English.

[Aside.]

Flip. I wou'd I cou'd see that, do you desie me?

[Steps to him.]

[He kisses her.]

Sir Sim. How's this? I vow and swear, she kisses as tamely as Mrs. Ticklish, and with her mouth open too.

[Aside.]

Flip. I thought you wou'd have been asham'd, to have done so to your Master's own Sister.

Sir Sim. I hope you'll be quiet now, Madam?

Flip. Nay, I'll be reveng'd of you sure.

Sir Sim. If you come again, I shall do more to you than that; I'll pursue my Plot, and try if she be honest.

[Aside.]

Flip. You do more to me than that; nay, if you'll do more to me than that—

[She throws down his Ink, and runs out, he follows her.]

Enter Joyner.

Joy. I must visit my young Clients in the mean time.

Sir Simon returns holding up his hands.

Joy. What's the matter, Sir Simon?

Sir Sim. Lord, who wou'd have thought it?

Joy. What ail you, Sir Simon?

Sir Sim. I have made such a discovery, Mrs. Joyner.

Joy. What is't?

Sir Sim. Such an one, that makes me at once glad and sorry; I am sorry my Lady Flippant is nought, but I'm glad I know it; thanks still to my disguise.

Joy. Fye, fye.

Sir Sim. Nay, this hand can tell —

Joy. But how!

Sir Sim. She threw down my Ink glass, and ran away into the next Room; I follow'd her, and in revenge, threw her down upon the Bed; but in short, all that I cou'd do to her, would not make her squeek.

Joy. She was out of breath Man, she was out of breath.

Sir Sim. Ah, Mrs. Joyner, say no more, say no more of that.

Enter Flippant.

Flip. You rude, unmannerly Rascal.

Joy. You see she complains now.

Sir Sim. I know why, Mrs. Joyner, I know why.

[Apart.]

Flip. I'll have you turn'd out of the House, you are not fit for my Brother's Service.

Sir Sim. Not for yours, you mean, Madam.

[Aside.]

Flip.

Flip. I'll go and acquaint my Brother ———

Joyner. Hold, hold, Madam, speak not so loud, 'tis Sir *Simon Addleplot*, your Lover, who has taken this disguise on purpose to be near you; and to watch, and supplant his Rivals.

Flip. VVhat a Beast was I, I cou'd not discover it, you have undone me; why wou'd you not tell me sooner of it? [*Aside to Joyner.*

Joyner. I thought he had been discernable enough.

Flip. I protest I knew him not; for I must confess to you, my eyes are none of the best, since I have us'd the last new wash of Mercury water; what will he think of me?

Joyner. Let me alone with him; come, come, did you think you cou'd disguise your self from my Lady's knowledge; she knew you, Man, or else you had ne'er had those liberties; alas, poor Lady, she cannot resist you.

Flip. 'Tis my weakness.

Sir Sim. How's this? but here comes my Master.

Enter Gripe and Martha.

Gripe. Come, Mrs. *Joyner*, are you ready to go?

Joyner. I am ever ready when your VVorship commands.

Flip. Brother, if you go to t'other end of the Town, you'll set me down near the Play-house.

Gripe. The Play-house, do you think I will be seen near the Play-house?

Flip. You shall set me down in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* then, for I have earnest business there; (VVhen I come home again, I'll laugh at you soundly,

Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Has *Joyner* betray'd me then? 'tis time to look to my hits. [*Apart.*

Gripe. *Martha*, be sure you stay within now; if you go out, you shall never come into my doors again.

Mart. No, I will not, Sir; I'll ne'er come into your doors again, if once I shou'd go out.

Gripe. 'Tis well said, Girl.

[*Ex. Gripe, Joyner, Flip.*

Sir Sim. 'Twas prettily said, I understand you, they are dull, and have no intrigue in 'em; but dear, sweet Mrs. *Martha*, 'tis time we were gone, you have stole away your Scarfs, and Hood from your Maid, I hope.

Mart. Nay, I am ready, but ———

Sir Sim. Come, come, Sir *Simon Addleplot*, poor Gentleman, is an impatient man to my knowledge.

Mart. VVell my venture is great, I'm sure, for a Man I know not; but pray, *Jonas*, do not deceive me; is he so fine a Gentleman, as you say he is?

Sir Sim. Pish, pish, he is the—— Gentleman of the Town, faith and troth.

Mart. But may I take your word, *Jonas*?

Sir Sim. 'Tis not my word, 'tis the word of all the Town.

Mart. Excuse me, *Jonas*, for that; I never heard any speak well of him, but Mr. *Dapperwit*, and you.

Sir Sim. That's because he has been a Rival to all men, and a Gallant to all Ladies; Rivals, and deserted Mistresses, never speak well of a Man.

Mart. Has he been so general in his Amours, his kindness is not to be va-
io'd then?

Sir Sim.

Sir Sim. The more by you, because 'tis for you he deserts all the rest, faith and troth.

Mart. You plead better for him, than he cou'd for himself, I believe; for indeed they say, he is no better than an Ideot.

Sir Sim. Then believe me Madam, for no body knows him better than I; he has as much Wit, Courage, and as good a Meen to the full, as I have; he an Ideot?

Mart. The common Gull, so perspicuous a Fop, the Women find him out, for none of 'em will marry him.

Sir Sim. You may see now, how he and you are abus'd; for that he is not Married, is a sign of his Wit; and for being perspicuous, 'tis false, he is as mysterious as a new Parliament Man, or a young States-Man, newly taken from a Coffee-house, or Tennis-Court.

Mart. But it is a sign of his Wit because he is not Married?

Sir Sim. Yes, yes, your Women of the Town ravish your Fops; There's not one about the Town unmarried, that has any thing.

Mart. It may be then he has spent his Estate.

Sir Sim. How unluckily guess'd.

[Aside.

If he had, he has a Head can retrieve it again.

Mart. Besides, they say, he has the modish distemper.

Sir Sim. He can cure it with the best French Chirurgion in Town.

Mart. Has his practice on himself, been so much?

Sir Sim. Come, come.

Fame, like deserted Jilt, does still belye Men,
Who doubts her Man, must be advis'd by Hymen.

For he knows best of any, how to try Men.

[Exeunt.

The Scene, the old Pell-Mell.

Enter Ranger and Dapperwit.

Ran. Now the Lucy's have renounc'd us; Hey for the Christina's, she cannot use me worse than your honourable Mistress did you.

Dap. A Pox, some young Heir, or another, has promis'd her Marriage; there are so many Fools in the World, 'tis impossible a Man of Wit to keep his Wenck, from being a Lady, let me perish.

Ran. But have you no other Acquaintance that sticks to her vocation, in spite of Temptations of Honour, or filthy Lucre; I declare, I make Honourable Love, meerly out of necessity; as your Rooks play on the Square, rather than not play at all.

[To them Leonore, Lydia's Woman Mask'd, with a Letter in her hand.

Dap. Come, the Devil will not lose a Gamester; here's ready Money for you, push freely.

Ran. Thou'rt as well met, as if by assignation,

[To her.

Leo. And you are as well met, as if you were the Man I look'd for.

Ran. Kind Rogue. ———

Leo. Sweet Sir.

Ran. Come, I am thy Prisoner, (without more words) shew but thy warrant.

[Goes to pull off her Mask.

Leo.

Leo. You mistake, Sir; here is my Pass.

[Gives him the Letter.

Ran. A Letter, and directed to me.

[Reads.

I cannot put up the injuries, and affronts you did me last Night; (a challenge upon my life, and by such a Messenger) therefore conjure you by your Honour, at eight a Clock precisely, this Evening, to send your Man to St. James's Gate, to wait for me with a Chair, to Conduct me, to what place you shall think most fit, for the giving of satisfaction to the injur'd Christina.

Christina! I am amaz'd! what is't a Clock, Dapperwit?

Dap. It wants not half an hour of eight.

Ran. Go then back, my pretty Herauld, [To the Maid.
and tell my fair Enemy, the service she designs my Man, is only fit for my Friend here; of whose Faith and Honour, she may be secure of; he shall, immediately, go wait for her at St. James's Gate; whilst I go to prepare a Place for our ran-counter, and my self to dye at her feet : [Ex. Leonore.

Dapperwit, dear Dapperwit.

Dap. VVhat lucky Surprifal's this?

Ran. Prithce ask no questions, till I have more leisure, and less astonishment; I know, you will not deny to be an instrument in my happiness.

Dap. No, let me perish, I take as much pleasure to bring Lovers together, as an old Woman, that as a Bankrupt Gamester loves to look on, though he has no advantage by the play; or as a Bully that fights not himself, yet takes pleasure to set people together by the Ears, or as ———

Ran. S'dearth, is this a time for similitudes?

Dap. You have made me miscarry of a good thought, now let me perish.

Ran. Go presently to St. James's Gate, where you are to expect the coming of a Lady ('tis Christina) accompany'd by that Woman you saw e'en now; she will permit you to put her into a Chair, and then conduct her to my Lodging, while I go before to remove some Spies, and prepare it for her reception.

Dap. Your Lodging; had you not better carry her to Vincent's, 'tis hard by, and there a Vizard Mask has as free egress and regress, as at the Play-house.

Ran. Faith, though it be not very prudent, yet she shall come thither in my vindication; for he wou'd not believe I had seen her last night.

Dap. To have a fine Woman, and not tell on't as you say, Mr. Ranger —

Ran. Go, and bring her to Vincent's Lodging, there I'll expect you.

[Exeunt severally.

Enter Christina, Isabel, her Woman.

Isa.. This is the door Madam, here Mr. Vincent Lodges.

Chri. 'Tis no matter, we will pass it by, lest the people of our Lodgings shou'd watch us; but if he shou'd not be here now.

Isa. Who, Mr. Valentine, Madam? I warrant you, my intelligencer dares not fail me.

Chri. Did he come last night, said he?

Isa. Last night late.

Chri.

Chri. And not see me yet; nay, not send to me; 'tis false, he is not come; I wish he were not. I know not which I shou'd take more unkindly from him, exposing his Life to his revengeful Enemies; or being almost four and twenty hours so near me, and not let me know't.

Isa. A Lovers dangers are the only secrets kept from his Mistress; he came not to you, because he wou'd not purchase his happiness with your fear and apprehensions.

Chri. Nay, he is come, I see, since you are come about again of his side.

Isa. Will you go in, Madam, and disprove me, if you can; 'tis better than standing in the street.

Chri. We'll go a little further first, and return.

[*Exeunt.*]

Vincent's Lodging.

Enter Vincent and Valentine.

Vin. I told you I had sent my Man to *Christina's*, this Morning, to enquire of her Maid, (who seldom denies him a secret) if her Lady had been at the Park last night; which she peremptorily answered to the contrary, and assur'd him, she had not stir'd out since your departure.

Val. Will not Chamber-maids lie, *Vincent*?

Vin. Will not *Ranger* lie, *Valentine*?

Val. The circumstances of his story prov'd it true.

Vin. Do you think so old a Master in the faculty, as he, will want the varnish of probability for his lies.

Val. Do you think a Woman, having the advantage of her Sex, and Education, under such a Mistress, will want Impudence to dis-avow a truth, that might be prejudicial to that Mistress?

Vin. But if both testimonies are fallible; why will you needs believe his? we are apter to believe the things we wou'd have than those we wou'd not.

Val. My ill luck has taught me to credit my mis-fortunes, and doubt my happiness.

Vin. But Fortune we know inconstant.

Val. And all of her Sex.

Vin. Will you judge of Fortune by your Experience, and not do your Mistress the same justice? go see her, and satisfy your self and her; for if she be innocent, consider how culpable you are, not only in your censures of her, but in not seeing her since your coming.

Val. If she be innocent, I shou'd be afraid to surprise her, for her sake; if false, I shou'd be afraid to surprise her, for my own.

Vin. To be jealous, and not inquisitive, is as hard as to love extremely, and not to be something jealous.

Val. Inquisitiveness as seldom cures jealousy, as drinking in a Fever quenches the thirst.

Vin. If she were at the Park last night, 'tis probable she'll not miss this; go watch her House, see who goes out, who in; while I in the mean time search out *Ranger*; who, I'll pawn my Life, upon more discourse, shall avow his mistake; here he is, go in, how luckily is he come?

Enter

Enter Ranger.

Valentine retires to the door behind, over-hearing them.

Vin. Ranger, you have prevented me; I was going to look you out, between the Scenes at the Play-house, the Coffee-house, Tennis-court, or Gifford's.

Ran. Do you want a pretence to go to a Bawdy-house? but I have other visits to make.

Vin. I forget, I shou'd rather have sought you in *Christina's* Lodgings, ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Well, well, I'm just come to tell you that *Christina* —

Vin. Proves not by Day-light, the kind Lady you follow'd last night out of the Park.

Ran. I have better news for you, to my thinking.

Vin. What is't?

Ran. Not that I have been in *Christina's* Lodging this Morning; but that she'll be presently here in your Lodging with me.

Val. How!

[Behind.

Vin. You see now, his report was a jest, a meer jest:

[Drawing back to the door, where Valentine stood, and speaking softly to him. well, must my Lodging be your Vaulting School still; thou hast appointed a Wench to come hither, I find.

[To Ran.

Ran. A Wench; you seem'd to have more reverence for *Christina* last night.

Vin. Now you talk of *Christina*, prithee tell me what was the meaning of thy last nights Romance of *Christina*.

Ran. You shall know the meaning of all, when *Christina* comes; she'll be here presently.

Vin. Who will, *Christina*?

Ran. Yes, *Christina*.

Vin. Ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Incredulous envy, thou art as envious as an impotent Letcher at a Wedding.

Vin. Thou art either mad, or as vain as a *French-man*, newly return'd home from a Campaign, or obliging *England*.

Ran. Thou art as envious as a Rival; but if thou art mine, there's that will make you desist;

[Gives him a Letter.

and if you are not my Rival; intrusting you with such a secret, will I know, oblige you to keep it, and assist me against all other interests.

Vin. Do you think I take your secret as an obligation? don't I know, Lovers, Travellers, and Poets, will give Money to be heard; but what's the Paper? a Lampoon upon *Christina*, hatch'd last night betwixt Squire Dapperwit and you, because her Maid us'd you scurvily.

Ran. No, 'tis only a Letter from her, to shew, my Company was not so disgustful to her last night, but that she desires it again to day.

Val. A Letter from her.

[Behind.

Vin. A Letter from *Christina*;

[Reads.

Ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Nay, 'tis pleasant.

Vin. You mistake, I laugh at you, not the Letter.

Ran. I am like the winning Gamester, so pleas'd with my luck, I will not quarrel with any, who calls me a Fool for't.

Vin.

Vin. Is this the stile of a Woman of honour?

Ran. It may be, for ought you know; I'm sure, 'tis well if your female correspondents can read.

Vin. I must confess, I have none of the little Letters, half name, or Title like your Spanish Epistles Dedicatory; but that a Man so frequent in honourable Intrigues, as you are, should not know the summons of an impudent common Woman, from that of a Person of Honour.

Ran. *Christina* is so much a Person of Honour, she'll own what she has writ, when she comes.

Vin. But will she come hither indeed?

Ran. Immediately; you'll excuse my liberty with you, I cou'd not conceal such a happiness, from such a Friend as you, lest you shou'd have taken it unkindly.

Vin. Faith, you have oblig'd me indeed; for you, and others wou'd often have made me believe your Honourable Intrigues, but never did me the Honour to convince me of 'em before.

Ran. You are merry, I find, yet.

Vin. When you are happy, I cannot be otherwise.

Ran. But I lose time, I shou'd lay a little Person in ambush, [*Aside.*
that lives hard by, in case *Christina* shou'd be impatient to be reveng'd of her Friends, as it often happens with a discontented Heiress; Women like old Soldiers, more nimbly execute, than they resolve. [*Going out.*

Vin. What now, you will not dis-appoint a Woman of *Christina's* quality?

Ran. I'll be here before she comes, I warrant you. [*Ex. Ran.*

Vin. I do believe you truly: what think you *Valentine*?

Val. I think, since she has the Courage to challenge him; she'll have the Honour of being first in the Field.

Vin. Fye, your opinion of her must be as bad, as *Ranger* of himself is good, to think she wou'd write him; I long till his *bona-roba* comes, that you may be both dis-abus'd.

Val. And I have not patience to stay her coming, lest you shou'd be dis-abus'd.

Enter Christina and Isabel.

Vin. Here she is i'faith; I'm glad she's come,

Val. And I'm sorry; but I will to my post again, lest she shou'd say she came to me.

Vin. By Heavens, *Christina* her self, 'tis she!

[*Aside.*

[*Christina pulls off her Mask.*

Val. 'Tis she; curs'd be these Eyes, more curs'd, than when they first betray'd me to that false bewitching face. [*Behind.*

Chri. You may wonder, Sir, to see me here ———

Vin. I must confess I do.

Chri. But the confidence your Friend has in you, is the cause of mine; and yet some blushes it do's cost me, to come to seek for a Man.

Val. Modest Creature. [*Behind.*

Vin. How am I deceiv'd!

[*Aside.*

Chri. Where is he, Sir, why does he not appear to keep me in countenance? pray call him, Sir, 'tis something hard if he shou'd know I'm here.

Vin. I hardly can, my self, believe you are here, Madam.

Chri.

Chri. If my visit be troublesome, or unseasonable, 'tis your Friend's fault, I design'd it not to you, Sir ; pray, call him out, that he may excuse it, and take it on himself, together with my shame.

Vin. How impatient she is !

[*Aside.*

Chri. Or do you delay the Happiness I ask, to make it more welcome ? I have stay'd too long for it already, and cannot more desire it ; dear Sir, call him out, where is he ? above, or here within ? I'll snatch the favour which you will not give :

[*Goes to the door, and discovers Valentine.*

What do you hide your self for shame ?

Val. I must confess I do.

Chri. To see me come hither —

Val. I acknowledge it.

[*Val. offers to go out.*

Chri. Before you came to me ; but whither do you go ? come I can forgive you.

Val. But I cannot forgive you.

Chri. Whither do you go ? you need not forge a quarrel, to prevent mine to you ; nor need you try if I wou'd follow you ; you know I will, I have, you see.

Val. That impudence should look so like innocence.

[*Aside.*

Chri. Whither wou'd you go ? why wou'd you go ?

Val. To call your Servant to you.

Chri. She is here, what wou'd you with her ?

Val. I mean your Lover, the Man you came to meet.

Chri. Oh Heavens ! what Lover ? what Man ? I came to seek no Man but you, whom I had too long lost.

Val. You cou'd not know that I was here.

Chri. Ask her, 'twas she that told me.

[*Points to Isabel.*

Val. How cou'd she know ?

Chri. That you shall know hereafter.

Val. No, you thought me too far out of the way, to disturb your assignation ; and I assure you, Madam, 'twas my ill fortune, not my design ; and that it may appear so, I do withdraw, (as in all good breeding, and civility, I am oblig'd) for sure your wish'd for Lover's coming.

Chri. What do you mean ? are you a weary of that Title ?

Val. I am ashamed of it, since it grows common.

[*Going out.*

Chri. Nay, you will not, shall not go.

Val. My stay might give him Jealousie, and so do you Injury, and him the greatest in the World ; Heavens forbid ! I wou'd not make a Man Jealous ; for though you call a Thousand Vows, and Oaths, and Tears, to witness, (as you safely may) that you have not the least of Love for me ? yet if he ever knew, how I have Lov'd you, sure he wou'd not, cou'd not believe you.

Chri. I do confess, your Riddle is too hard for me to solve ; therefore you are oblig'd to do't your self.

Val. I wish it were capable of any other interpretation, than what you know already.

Chri. Is this that generous good *Valentine*, who has disguis'd him so.

[*She weeps.*

Vin. Nay, I must with-hold you then : methinks she shou'd be Innocent ; her Tongue, and Eyes, together, with that foud that swells 'em, do vindicate her heart.

[*Stops Val. going out.*

Val.

Val. They shew but their long practice of dissimulation. [Going out.

Vin. Come back; I here *Ranger* coming up; stay but till he comes.

Val. Do you think I have the patience of an Alderman?

Vin. You may go out this way, when you will, by the back-stairs; but stay a little, till ——— Oh, here he comes.

Ranger enters.

Val. My revenge will now detain me. [Valen. retires again.

Upon *Ranger's* entrance, *Christina* puts on her Mask.

Ran. What, come already? where is *Dapperwit*? [Aside.

The Blessing's double that comes quickly; I did not yet expect you here, otherwise I had done my self the injury to be absent; but I hope, Madam, I have not made you stay long for me.

Chri. I have not staid at all for you.

Ran. I am glad of it, Madam.

Chri. Is not this that troublesome stranger, who Last night follow'd the Lady into my Lodgings? 'tis he. [To Isabel. [Aside.

[Removing from him to t'other side.

Ran. Why do's she remove so disdainfully from me? [Aside. I find you take it ill, I was not at your coming here, Madam.

Chri. Indeed I do not, you are mistaken, Sir.

Ran. Confirm me by a smile then, Madam; remove that Cloud, which makes me apprehend [Goes to take off her Mask. foul weather: Mr. *Vincent*, pray retire; 'tis you keep on the Ladies Mask, and no displeasure, which she has for me; yet, Madam, you need not distrust his honour, or his faith; but do not keep the Lady under constraint; pray leave us a little, Master *Vincent*.

Chri. You must not leave us, Sir; wou'd you leave me with a stranger?

Val. How's that! [Behind.

Ran. I've done amiss, I find; to bring her hither, Madam, I understand you ——— [Aside. [Apart to Christina.

Chri. Sir, I do not understand you.

Ran. You wou'd not be known to Mr. *Vincent*.

Chri. 'Tis your Acquaintance I wou'd avoid.

Ran. Dull Brute, that I was, to bring her hither: [Aside. I have found my error, Madam; give me but a new appointment, where I may meet you by and by, and straight I will withdraw, as if I knew you not. [Softly to her.

Chri. Why, do you know me?

Ran. I must not own it. [Aside.

No, Madam, but ——— [Offers to whisper.

Chri. Whispering, Sir, argues an old Acquaintance; but I have not the vanity to be thought of yours, and resolve you shall never have the disparagement of mine: Mr. *Vincent*, pray let us go in here.

Ran. How's this! I am undone I see; but if I let her go thus, I shall be an eternal laughing stock to *Vincent*.

Vin. Do you not know him, Madam? I thought you had come hither on purpose to meet him.

Chri. To meet him!

Love in a Wood; Or,

Vin. By your own appointment.

Chri. What strange infatuation do's delude you all? you know, he said, he did not know me.

Vin. You writ to him, he has your Letter.

Chri. Then you know my name sure? yet you confess'd but now, you knew me not.

Ran. I must confess, your Anger has disguis'd you, more than your Mask; for I thought to have met a kinder *Christina* here.

Chri. Heavens! how cou'd he know me in this place? he watch'd me hither sure; or is there any other of my name, that you may no longer mistake me, for your *Christina*? I'll pull off that which sooths your Error. [*Pulls off her Mask.*]

Ran. Take but t'other Vizard off too; I mean your Anger, and I'll swear you are the same, and only *Christina*, which I wish'd, and thought to meet here.

Chri. How cou'd you think to meet me here?

Ran. By Virtue of this your Commission, [*Gives her the Letter.*]
which now, I see, was meant a real Challenge; for you look, as if you wou'd fight with me.

Chri. The Paper is a stranger to me, I never writ it, you are abus'd.

Vin. *Christina* is a Person of Honour, and will own what she has written, *Ranger.*

Ran. So, the Comedy begins; I shall be laugh'd at sufficiently, if I do not justify my self; I must set my impudence to hers, she is resolv'd to deny all I see, and I have lost all hope of her. [*Aside.*]

Vin. Come, faith *Ranger* —

Ran. You will deny too, Madam, that I follow'd you last Night from the Park, to your Lodging, where I stay'd with you till Morning; you never saw me before I warrant?

Chri. That you rudely intruded, last night, into my Lodging, I cannot deny; but I wonder you have the confidence to brag of it; sure you will not of your Reception?

Ran. I never was so ill-bred, as to brag of my Reception in a Ladies Chamber; not a word of that, Madam.

Val. How! if he lies, I revenge her; if it be true, I revenge my self.

[*Valentine draws his Sword, which Vincent seeing, thrusts him back, and shuts the door upon him before he was discover'd by Ranger.*]

Enter Lydia and her Woman, stopping at the door.

Lyd. What do I see! *Christina* with him! a Counter-plot to mine, to make me, and it, ridiculous; 'tis true, I find they have been long Acquainted, and I long Abus'd; but since she intends a triumph, in spight, as well as shame (not emulation) I retire; she deserves no envy, who will be shortly in my condition; his natural inconstancy, will prove my best revenge on her—on both.

[*Exeunt Lydia with her Woman.*]

Dapperwit to them.

Dap. *Christina's* going away again; what's the matter?

Ran. What do you mean?

Dap. I scarce had paid the Chair-men, and was coming up after her, but I met her on the Stairs, in as much hast, as if she had beed frightn'd.

Ran. Who do you talk of?

Dap.

Dap. *Christina*, whom I took up in a Chair, just now at St. James's Gate.

Ran. Thou art Mad, here she is, this is *Christina*.

Dap. I must confess, I did not see her Face; but I am sure the Lady is gone, that I brought just now.

Ran. I tell you, again, this is she; did you bring two?

Chri. I came in no Chair, had no guide, but my Woman there.

Vin. When did you bring your Lady, *Dapperwit*?

Dap. Ev'n now, just now.

Val. This Lady has been here half an hour.

Ran. He knows not what he says, he is mad, you are all so, I am so too.

Vin. 'Tis the best excuse you can make for your self, and by owning your mistake, you'll shew you are come to your self; I my self saw your Woman at the door, who but look'd in, and then immediately went down again, as your friend *Dapperwit* too affirms.

Chri. You had best follow her, that look'd for you; and I'll go seek out him, I came too see; *Mr. Vincent*, pray let me in here.

Ran. 'Tis very fine, wondrous fine! [*Christina goes out a little, and returns.*]

Chri. Oh he is gone! *Mr. Vincent* follow him; he were yet more severe to me, in indangering his Life, than in his Censures in me; you know the power of his Enemies is great, as their malice; just Heaven preserve him from them, and me from this ill, or unlucky Man. [*Ex. Christina, her Woman, and Vincent.*]

Ran. 'Tis well — nay, certainly, I shall never be master of my Senses more; but why do'st thou help to distract me too?

Dap. My astonishment was as great as yours, to see her go away again; I wou'd have stay'd her if I cou'd.

Ran. Yet, again, talking of a Woman you met going out, when I talk of *Christina*.

Dap. I talk of *Christina* too.

Ran. She went out just now; the Woman you found me with, was she.

Dap. That was not the *Christina* I brought just now.

Ran. You brought her, almost, half an hour ago; S'death, will you give me the lye?

Dap. A Lady disappointed by her Gallant, the night before her journey, cou'd not be more touchy with her Maid, or Husband, than you are with me now, after your dis-appointment; but if you think me so, I'll go serve my self hereafter; for ought I know, I have dis-appointed Mrs. *Martha* for you, and may lose Thirty Thousand Pound by the bargain: farewell, a Raving Lover is fit for solitude. [*Ex. Dap.*]

Ran. *Lydia*, triumph, I now am thine again; of Intrigues, honourable or dishonourable, and all sorts of Rambling, I take my leave; when we are giddy, 'tis time to stand still: Why shou'd we be so fond of the by-paths of Love? where we are still way-lay'd, with Surprizes, Trapans, Dangers, and Murdering disappointments?

Just as at Blind-mans Buff, we run at all,

Whilst those that lead us, laugh to see us fall;

And when we think, we hold the Lady fast,

We find it but her Scarf, or Veil, at last.

ACT V. SCENE I.

St. James's Park.

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, leading Mrs. Martha, Dapperwit.

Sir Sim. **A**T length, you see, I have freed the Captive Lady, for her long-
ing Knight, Mr. *Dapperwit*, who brings off a Plot cleverly now?

Dap. I wish our Poets were half so good at it; Mrs. *Martha*, a Thousand
welcomes ——— [*Dapperwit Kisses and Embraces Mrs. Martha.*

Sir Sim. Hold, hold, Sir; your joy is a little too familiar, (faith and troth.)

Dap. Will you not let me salute Mrs. *Martha*?

Mart. What, *Jonas*, do you think I do not know good breeding? must I be
taught by you?

Sir Sim. I wou'd have kept the Maiden-head of your lips, for your sweet
Knight, Mrs. *Martha*, that's all; I dare swear, you never kiss'd any Man
before, but your Father.

Mart. My sweet Knight, if he will be Knight of mine, must be contented
with what he finds, as well as other Knights.

Sir Sim. So smart already, faith and troth!

Mart. Dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*, I am overjoy'd to see you; but I thank honest
Jonas for't.

Sir Sim. How she hugs him!

[*Aside.*

Mart. Poor Mr. *Dapperwit*, I thought I shou'd never have seen you again;
but I thank honest *Jonas* there ——— [*She hugs Dapperwit.*

Sir Sim. Do not thank me, Mrs. *Martha*, any more than I thank you.

Mart. I wou'd not be ungrateful, *Jonas*.

Sir Sim. Then reserve your kindness, only, for your Worthy Noble, Brave,
Heroick Knight who loves you only, and only deserves your kindness.

Mart. I will shew my kindness to my Worthy, Brave, Heroick Knight, in being
kind to his Friend, his dear Friend, who help'd him to me. [*Hugs Dap. again.*

Sir Sim. But, Mistress *Martha*, he is not to help him always; tho' he helps
him to be married, he is not to help him when he is Married.

Mart. What, Mr. *Dapperwit*, will you love my worthy Knight, less after
Marriage, than before? that were against the custom; for Marriage gets a
Man Friends, instead of losing those he has.

Dap. I will ever be his Servant, and yours, Dear Madam, do not doubt me.

Mart. I do not, sweet, dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*; but I shou'd not have seen you
these two days if it had not been for honest *Jonas*, there ——— [*She Kisses Dap.*

Sir Sim. For shame, though she be young and foolish, do not you wrong me
to my Face. [*Apart to Dap.*

Dap. Wou'd you have me so ill bred, as to repulse her innocent kindness;
what a thing it is to want Wit!

Sir Sim. A Pox, I must make hast to discover my self, or I shall discover,
what I wou'd not discover; but if I shou'd discover my self in this habit, 'twou'd
not be to my advantage; but I'll go, put on my own Cloaths, and look like a
Knight:

[*Aside.*
Well

Well, Mrs. *Martha*, I'll go seek out your Knight; are you not impatient to see him?

[To her.]

Mart. Wives must be obedient, let him take his own time.

Sir Sim. Can you trust your self, a turn or two, with Master *Dapperwit*?

Mart. Yes, yes, *Jonas*, as long as you will.

Sir Sim. But I wou'd not trust you with him, if I cou'd help it:

[Aside.]

So marry'd Wight, sees what he dares not blame;

And cannot budge for fear, nor stay for shame.

[Ex. *Sir Sim.*]

Dap. I am glad he is gone, that I may laugh, 'tis such a miracle of Fops, that his conversation shou'd be pleasant to me, even when it hindred me of yours.

Mart. Indeed, I'm glad he is gone too, as pleasant as he is.

Dap. I know why, I know why, sweet Mrs. *Martha*; I warrant you, you had rather have the Parsons Company, than his? now you are out of your Father's House, 'tis time to leave being a Hypocrite.

Mart. Well for the jests sake, to dis-appoint my Knight, I wou'd not care if I dis-appointed my self of a Ladyship.

Dap. Come, I will not keep you on the Tenters, I know you have a mind to make sure of me; I have a little Chaplain, I wish he were a Bishop, or one of the Fryars, to perfect our revenge upon that Zealous Jew, your Father.

Mart. Do not speak ill of my Father, he has been your Friend I'm sure.

Dap. My Friend —

Mart. His hard usage of me, conspir'd with your good Meen, and Wit, and to avoid slavery under him, I stoop to your yoke.

Dap. I will be oblig'd to your Father, for nothing but a Portion, nor to you for your Love; 'twas due to my Merit.

Mart. You shew your self *Sir Simon's* original, if 'twere not for that vanity —

Dap. I shou'd be no Wit, 'tis the badge of my calling; for you can no more find a Man of Wit without vanity, than a fine Woman without affectation: but let us go, before the Knight comes again.

Mart. Let us go before my Father comes, he soon will have the intelligence.

Dap. Stay, let me think a little.

[Pauses.]

Mart. What are you thinking of? you shou'd have thought before this time, or, I shou'd have thought rather.

Dap. Peace, Peace.

Mart. What are you thinking of?

Dap. I am thinking, what a Wit without vanity is like; he is like —

Mart. You do not think we are in a publick place, and may be surpris'd, and prevented by my Father's Scouts.

Dap. What, wou'd you have me lose my thought?

Mart. You wou'd rather lose your Mistress, it seems.

Dap. He is like — I think I'm a Sot to night, let me perish.

Mart. Nay, if you are so in Love with your thought.

[Offers to go.]

Dap. Are you so impatient to be my Wife? he is like — he is like — a Picture without shadows, or, or — a Face without Patches — or a Diamond without a Foil; these are new thoughts now, these are new.

Mart. You are wedded already to your thoughts, I see, good night.

Dap. Madam, do not take it ill;

Love in a Wood ; Or,

For loss of happy thought, there's no amends.
For his new Jest, true Wit will lose old Friends.

That's new again, the thought's new.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gripe, leading Mrs. Lucy, Joyner, Crossbite following.

Gripe. Mrs. Joyner, I can conform to this mode of Publick walking by Moonlight, because one is not known.

Lucy. Why, are you asham'd of your Company ?

Gripe. No, pretty one ; because in the dark, or as it were the dark, there is no envy, nor scandal ; I wou'd neither lose you, nor my reputation.

Joyner. Your reputation ; indeed, your Worship, 'tis well known, there are as grave Men, as your Worship ; nay, Men in office too, that adjourn their cares, and businesses, to come and unbend themselves at night here, with a little vizard Mask.

Gripe. I do believe it, I do believe it, Mrs. Joyner.

Lucy. I God-mother, and carries, and treats her at Mulberry Garden.

Crosf. Nay, do's not only treat her, but gives her his whole gleanings of that day.

Gripe. They may, they may, Mrs. Crossbite, they take above six in the hundred.

Crosf. Nay, there are those of so much worth, and honour, and love, that they'll take it from their Wives and Children, to give it to their Misses ; now your Worship has no Wife, and but one Child.

Gripe. Still for my Edification.

[*Aside.*]

Joyner. That's true indeed, for I know a great Lady, that cannot follow her Husband abroad to his Haunts, because her Ferrendine is so ragged and greasie ; whilst his Mistress is as fine as fippence, in her embroidered Sattens.

Gripe. Politickly done of him indeed ; if the truth were known, he is a States-Man by that, umph ———

Crosf. Truly, your Women of quality, are very troublesome to their Husbands ; I have heard 'em complain, they will allow them no separate maintenance, though the Honourable Jilts, themselves, will not marry without it.

Joyner. Come, come, Mistress, sometimes 'tis the craft of those Gentlemen, to complain of their Wives expences, to excuse their own narrowness to their Misses ; but your Daughter has a Gallant that can make no excuse.

Gripe. So, Mrs. Joyner — my Friend, Mrs. Joyner ———

Crosf. I hope, indeed, he'll give my Daughter no cause to dun him ; for poor wretch, she is as modest as her Mother.

Gripe. I profess, I believe it.

Lucy. But, I have the boldness to ask him for a Treat ; come, Gallant, we must walk towards the Mulberry Gard'n.

Gripe. So—I am afraid, little Mistress, the Rooms are all taken up by this time.

Joyner. Will you shame your self again ?

[*Aside to Gripe.*]

Lucy. If the Rooms be full, we'll have an Arbor.

Gripe. At this time of night ; besides, the Waiters will near come ne'er you.

Lucy. They will be observant of good Customers, as we shall be ; come along.

Gripe. Indeed, and verily, little Mistress, I wou'd go, but that I shou'd be forsworn, if I did.

Joyner. That's so pitiful an excuse ———

Gripe. In truth, I have forsworn the place, ever since I was pawn'd there for a reckoning.

Lucy. You have broken many an Oath for the good old cause, and will you Boggle at one for your poor, little Miss ? come along.

Lady.

Lady Flippant behind.

Flip. Unfortunate Lady, that I am! I have left the Herd on purpose to be chas'd, and have wandred this hour here; but the Park affords not so much as a Satyr for me, (and that's strange) no Burgundy Man, or drunken Scourer will reel my way; the Rag-women, and Synder-women, have better luck than I — but who are these? if this mungril light do's dot deceive me, 'tis my Brother, 'tis he, there's *Joyner* too, and two other Women; I'll follow 'em; it must be he, for this World hath nothing like him; I know not what the Devil may be in the other. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot in fine cloaths, Dapperwit and Mrs. Martha, unseen by him at the door.

Sir Sim. Well, after all my seeking, I can find those I wou'd not find; I'm sure 'twas old *Gripe*, and *Joyner* with him, and the Widow follow'd; he wou'd not have been here, but to have sought his Daughter, sure; but vigilant *Dapperwit* has spy'd him too, and has, no doubt, secur'd her from him.

Dap. And you.

[*Behind.*]

Sir Sim. The Rogue is as good at hiding, as I am at stealing a Mistress; 'tis a vain conceited Fellow, yet I think, 'tis an honest Fellow: but again, he is a damnable Whoring Fellow; and what opportunity this air, and darknes may encline 'em to, Heaven knows; for I have heard the Rogue say himself, a Lady will no more shew ner modesty in the dark, then a *Spaniard* his Courage.

Dap. Ha, ha, ha —

Sir Sim. Nay, if you are there my true Friend, I'll forgive your harkning, if you'll forgive my censures; I speak to you, dear, Madam *Martha*; dear, dear — Behold your worthy Knight.

Mart. That's far from Neighbours.

Sir Sim. I's come to reap the fruit of his labours.

Mart. I cannot see the Knight; well, but I'm sure I hear *Jonas*.

Sir Sim. I am no *Jonas*, Mrs. *Martha*.

Mart. The night is not so dark, nor the *Peruque* so big, but I can discern *Jonas*.

Sir Sim. Faith and Troth, I am the very *Sir Simon Addleplot*, that is to marry you; the same, *Dapperwit* solicited you for; ask him else, my name is not *Jonas*.

Mart. You think my youth, and simplicity, capable of this cheat; but let me tell you, *Jonas*, 'tis not your borrow'd cloaths, and titles, shall make me marry my Father's Man.

Sir Sim. Borrow'd title; I'll be sworn I bought it of my Landress, who was a Court Landress; but, indeed, my cloaths I have not pay'd for; therefore in that sense they are borrow'd.

Mart. Prithee, *Jonas*, let the jest end, or I shall be presently in earnest.

Sir Sim. Pray be in earnest, and let us go; the Parson, and Supper, stay for us, and I am a Knight in earnest.

Mart. You a Knight, insolent, sawcy Fool?

Sir Sim. The Devil take me, Mrs. *Martha*, if I am not a Knight now; a Knight Baronet too: a Man ought, I see, to carry his Patent in his Pocket, when he goes to be marry'd, 'tis more necessary than a License; I am a Knight indeed, and indeed now, Mrs. *Martha*.

Mart. Indeed, and indeed, the trick will not pass, *Jonas*.

Sir Sim. Poor wretch, she's afraid, she shall not be a Lady: come, come, discover the intrigue, *Dapperwit*. — *Mart.*

Mart. You need not discover the intrigue, 'tis apparent already ; unworthy *Mr. Dapperwit*, after my confidence repos'd in you ; cou'd you be so little generous, as to betray me to my Father's Man ; but I'll be even with you.

Sir Sim. Do not accuse him, poor Man, before you hear him ; tell her the intrigue, Man.

Dap. A Pox, she will not believe us.

Sir Sim. Will you not excuse your self ? but I must not let it rest so ; know then, *Mrs. Martha*.

Mart. Come, I forgive thee before thy confession, *Jonas* ; you never had had the confidence to have design'd this cheat upon me, but from *Mr. Dapperwit*'s encouragement, 'twas his Plot.

Sir Sim. Nay, do not do me that wrong, Madam.

Mart. But since he has trappan'd me out of my Father's House, he is like to keep me as long as I live ; and so good night, *Jonas*.

Sir Sim. Hold, hold, what d'ye mean both ? prithee tell her I am *Sir Simon*, and no *Jonas*.

Dap. A Pox, she will not believe us, I tell you.

Sir Sim. I have provided a Parson, and Supper, at Mulberry Garden, and invited all my Friends I cou'd meet in the Park.

Dap. Nay, rather than they shall be dis-appointed, there shall be a Bride and Bridegroom, to entertain 'em ; *Mrs. Martha* and I'll go thither presently.

Sir Sim. Why, shall she be your Bride ?

Dap. You see she will have it so.

Sir Sim. Will you make *Dapperwit* your Husband ?

Mart. Rather than my Father's Man.

Sir Sim. Oh the Devil ———

Mart. Nay, come along, *Jonas*, you shall make one at the Wedding, since you help'd to contrive it.

Sir Sim. Will you cheat your self, for fear of being cheated ?

Mart. I am desparate now.

Sir Sim. Wilt thou let her do so ill a thing, *Dapperwit*, as to marry thee ? open her Eyes, prithee, and tell her I am a true Knight.

Dap. 'Twou'd be in vain, by my life, you you have carry'd your self so like a natural Clerk ——— and so adieu, good *Jonas*. [*Ex. Martha, and Dapperwit.*]

Sir Sim. VVhat, ruin'd by my own Plot, like an old Cavalier : yet like him too, I will Plot on still, a Plot of prevention, so I have it--- her Father was here ev'n now, I'm sure ; well--- I'll go tell her Father of her, that I will ;

And punish so her folly, and his treachery.

Revenge is sweet ; and makes amends for leachery.

[*Ex.*]

Enter Lydia, and her Woman Leonore.

Lyd. I wish, I had not come hither to night, *Leonore*.

Leo. Why did you, Madam ? if the place be so dis-agreeable to you.

Lyd. We cannot help visiting the place often, where we have lost any thing we value ; I lost *Ranger* here last night.

Leo. You thought you had lost him before, a great while ago ; and therefore you ought to be the less troubled.

Lyd. But 'twas here, I miss'd him first, I'm sure.

Leo. Come, Madam, let not the loss vex you, he is not worth the looking after.

Lyd.

Lyd. It cannot but vex me yet, if I lost him by my own fault.

Leon. You had but too much care to keep him.

Lyd. It often happens, indeed, that too much care, is as bad as negligence ; but I had rather be rob'd, than lose what I have carelessly.

Leon. But, I believe, you wou'd hang the Thief if you cou'd.

Lyd. Not if I cou'd have my own again.

Leon. I see, you wou'd be too merciful.

Lyd. I wish I were try'd.

Leon. But, Madam, if you please, we will wave the discourse ; for People seldom (I suppose) talk with pleasure, of their real Losses.

Lyd. 'Tis better then to ruminate in them ; mine, I'm sure, will not out of head, nor heart.

Leon. Grief is so far from retrieving a loss, that it makes it greater ; but the way to lessen it, is, by a comparison with others losses ; here are Ladies, in the Park, of your Acquaintance, I doubt not, can compare with you ; pray Madam, let us walk and find 'em out.

Lyd. 'Tis the resentment, you say, makes the loss great, or little ; and then I'm sure, there is none like mine ; however go on. [Exeunt.

Enter Vincent and Valentine.

Vin. I am glad I have found you, for now I am prepar'd to lead you out of the dark, and all your trouble ; I have good news.

Val. You are as unmerciful, as the Physician, who with new Arts, keeps his miserable Patient alive, and in hopes, when he knows the Disease is incurable.

Vin. And you, like the melancholy Patient, mistrust, and hate your Physician, because he will not comply with your Despair : but I'll cure your Jealousie now.

Val. You know, all Diseases grow worse by relapses.

Vin. Trust me once more.

Val. Well, you may try your Experiments upon me.

Vin. Just as I shut the door upon you, the Woman, *Ranger* expected, came up stairs ; but finding another Woman in discourse with him, went down again, I suppose, as jealous of him, as you of *Christina*.

Val. How do's it appear she came to *Ranger* ?

Vin. Thus, *Dapperwit* came up after he had brought her, just then, in a Chair from St. James's by *Ranger's* appointment ; and it is certain your *Christina* came to you.

Val. How can that be ? for she knew not I was in the Kingdom.

Vin. My Man confesses, when I sent him to enquire of her Woman, about her Lady's being here in the Park last Night ; he told her you were come, and she, it seems, told her Mistress.

Val. That might be —

[Aside.

But did not *Christina* confess, *Ranger* was in her Lodging last night ?

Vin. By intrusion, which she had more particularly inform'd me of, if her apprehensions of your Danger had not posted me after you ; she not having yet (as I suppose) heard of *Clerimont's* Recovery : I left her, poor Creature, at home, distracted with a Thousand Fears for your Life and Love.

Val. Her Love, I'm sure, has cost me more Fears, than my Life ; yet that little Danger is not past, (as you think) till the great one be over.

Vin. Open but your Eyes, and the Fantastick Goblin's vanish'd, and all your
I idle

idle fears, will turn to shame; for Jealousie is the basest cowardize.

Val. I had rather, indeed, blush for my self, than her.

Vin. I'm sure you will have more reason—— But is not that *Ranger* there?

*Ranger Enters, follow'd by Christina and her Woman, after them
Lydia and her Woman.*

Val. I think it is.

Vin. I suppose, his Friend *Dapperwit* is not far off; I will examine them both before you, and not leave you so much, as the shadow of a doubt; *Ranger's* astonishment at my Lodging, confess'd his mistake.

Val. His astonishment might proceed from *Christina's* unexpected strangeness to him.

Vin. He shall satisfy you now himself to the contrary, I warrant you, have but patience.

Val. I had rather, indeed, he should satisfy my Doubts, than my Revenge; therefore I can have patience.

Vin. But what Women are those that follow him?

Val. Stay a little——

Ran. *Lydia, Lydia*—— poor *Lydia*.

Lyd. If she be my Rival, 'tis some comfort yet, [To her Maid.
to see her follow him, rather than he her.

Leon. But if you follow them a little longer, for your comfort, you shall see them go hand in hand.

Chri. Sir, Sir——

[To Ranger.

Leon. She calls to him already.

Lyd. But he does not hear, you see; let us go a little nearer.

Vin. Sure it is *Ranger*?

Val. As sure as the Woman that follows him closest, is *Christina*.

Vin. For shame, talk not of *Christina*; I left her just now at home, surrounded with so many fears and griefs, she cou'd not stir.

Val. She is come, it may be, to divert them here in the Park; I'm sure 'tis she.

Vin. When the Moon, at this instant, scarce affords light enough to distinguish a Man from a Tree, how can you know her?

Val. How can you know *Ranger*, then?

Vin. I heard him speak.

Val. So you may her too; I'll secure you, if you will draw but a little nearer; she came, doubtless, to no other end but to speak with him; observe——

Chri. Sir, I have follow'd you hitherto; [To Ranger.
but now, I must desire you to follow me out of the Company, for I wou'd not be over-heard, nor disturb'd.

Ran. Ha! is not this *Christina's* voice? it is I am sure, I cannot be deceiv'd now—— dear Madam——

Vin. It is she indeed.

[Apart to Val.

Val. Is it so?

Chri. Come, Sir——

[To Ranger.

Val. Nay, I'll follow you too, though not invited.

[Aside.

Lyd. I must not, cannot stay behind.

[Aside, [Exeunt.

They all go off together in a huddle, hastily;

Christina, her Woman, and Valentine, return on the other side.

Chri.

Chri. Come along, Sir.

Val. So I must stick to her when all is done ; her new Servant has lost her in the crowd, she has gone too fast for him ; so much my revenge is swifter than his Love : now shall I not only have the deserted Lovers Revenge, of dis-appointing her of her new Man ; but an opportunity infallibly at once, to discover her falseness, and confront her impudence. [Aside.]

Chri. Pray come along, Sir, I am in haste.

Val. So eager, indeed — I wish that Cloud may yet with-hold the Moon, that this false Woman, may not discover me, before I do her. [Aside.]

Chri. Here no one can hear us, and I'm sure we cannot see one another.

Val. 'Sdeath, what have I giddily run my self upon ? 'Tis rather a tryal of my self than her ; I cannot undergo it. [Aside.]

Chri. Come nearer, Sir.

Val. Hell and Vengeance, I cannot suffer it, I cannot. — [Aside.]

Chri. Come, come ; yet nearer, pray come nearer.

Val. It is impossible, I cannot hold ; I must discover my self, rather than her infamy.

Chri. You are conscious, it seems, of the wrong you have done me, and are ashamed, though in the dark. [Speaks, walking slowly.]

Val. How's this ! [Aside.]

Chri. I'm glad to find it so ; for all my business with you, is to show you your late mistakes, and force a confession from you, of those unmannerly injuries you have done me.

Val. What ! I think she's honest ; or do's she know me ? sure she cannot. [Aside.]

Chri. First, your intrusion, last night, into my lodging, which, I suppose, has begot your other gross mistakes.

Val. No, she takes me for *Ranger*, I see again. [Aside.]

Chri. You are to know then, (since needs you must) it was not me you follow'd last night to my Lodging from the Park, but some Kinswoman of yours, it seems ; whose fear of being discover'd by you, prevail'd with me to personate her, while she withdrew, our Habits and our Statures being much alike ; which I did with as much difficulty, as she us'd importunity to make me ; and all this, my Lady *Flippant* can witness, who was then with your Cousin.

Val. I am glad to hear this — [Aside.]

Chri. Now, what your claim to me, at Mr. *Vincent's* Lodging, meant ; the Letter, and Promises, you unworthily, or erroneously lay'd to my charge, you must explain to me and others, or —

Val. How's this ! I hope I shall discover no Guilt but my own ; she wou'd not speak in threats to a Lover — [Aside.]

Chri. Was it because you found me in Mr. *Vincent's* Lodgings, you took a liberty to use me, like one of your common Visitants ? But know, I came no more to Mr. *Vincent*, than you ; yet, I confess, my visit was intended to a Man — A brave Man, till you made him use a Woman ill, worthy the Love of a Princess, till you made him censure mine ; good as Angels, till you made him unjust : why — in the name of honour, wou'd you do't ?

Val. How happily, am I disappointed ! poor injur'd *Christina*. [Aside.]

Chri. He wou'd have sought me out first, if you had not made him fly from me ; our mutual love, confirm'd by a contract, made our hearts inseparable ; till you rudely, if not maliciously, thrust in upon us, and broke the close, and happy

happy knot: I had lost him before for a month, now for ever.

[*She weeps.*]

Val. My Joy, and Pity makes me as mute, as my Shame; yet I must discover my self.

[*Aside.*]

Chri. Your silence, is a confession of your guilt.

Val. I own it.

[*Aside.*]

Chri. But that will not serve my turn; for strait you must go clear your self, and me, to him you have injur'd in me; if he has not made too much hast from me, to be found again; you must, I say, for he is a Man that will have satisfaction; and in satisfying him, you do me.

Val. Then he is satisfy'd.

Chri. How! is it you? then I am not satisfy'd.

Val. Will you be worse than your word?

Chri. I gave it not to you.

Val. Come, dear *Christina*, the Jealous, like the Drunkard, has his Punishment, with his offence.

To them Vincent.

Vin. *Valentine*, Mr. *Valentine*.

Val. *Vincent* —

Vin. Where have you been all this while?

[*Valentine holds Christina by the hand, who seems to struggle to get from him.*]

Val. Here with my injur'd *Christina*.

Vin. She's behind with *Ranger*, who is forc'd to speak all the tender things himself; for she affords him not a word.

Val. Pish, pish, *Vincent*, who is blind now? who deceiv'd now?

Vin. You are, for I'm sure *Christina* is with him; come back and see.

[*They go out at one door, and return at the other.*]

Ranger to Lydia.

Ran. Still mock'd, still abus'd! did you not bid me follow you, where we might not be disturb'd, nor over-heard? and now not allow me a word?

Vincent to Valentine.

Vin. Did you hear him?

[*Apart to Val.*]

Val. Yes, yes, peace —

[*Apart to Vin.*]

Ran. Disowning your Letter, and Me, at Mr. *Vincent's* Lodging, declaring you came to meet another there, and not me; with a great deal of such affronting unkindness, might be reasonable enough, because you wou'd not intrust *Vincent* with our Love; but now, when no body sees us, nor hears us, why this unreasonable shyness —

Lyd. It seems, she did not expect him there, but had appointed to meet another; I wish it were so.

[*Aside.*]

Ran. I have not Patience; do you design thus to revenge my intrusion into your lodging last night? sure if you had then been displeas'd with my Company, you wou'd not have invited your self to't again by a Letter? or is this a Punishment for bringing you to a House, so near your own, where, it seems, you were known too? I do confess, it was a fault; but make me suffer any Penance, but your Silence, because it is the certain mark of a Mistress's lasting displeasure —

Lyd. My — is not yet come.

[*Aside.*]

Ran. Not yet a word? you did not use me so unkindly last night, when you chid me out of your House, and with indignation bid me be gone; now, you bid me follow you, and yet will have nothing to say to me; and I am more deceiv'd

deceiv'd this day and night, than I was last night; when, I must confess, I follow'd you for another —

Lyd. I'm glad to hear that.

[*Aside.*

Ran. One that wou'd have us'd me better; whose love, I have ungratefully abus'd for yours; yet from no other reason, but my natural inconstancy —

Poor *Lydia*, *Lydia* —

[*Aside.*

Lyd. He mutter'd my Name sure, and with a sigh.

[*Aside.*

Ran. But as last night, by following (as I thought) her, I found you: so this night, by following you in vain, I do resolve, if I can find her again, to keep her for ever.

Lyd. Now I am oblig'd, and brought into debt by his inconstancy; Faith, now cannot I hold out any longer, I must discover my self

[*Aside.*

Ran. But, Madam, because I intend to see you no more, I'll take my leave of you for good and all; since you will not speak, I'll try if you will squeek —

[*Goes to throw her down, she squeeks.*

Lyd. Mr. Ranger, Mr. Ranger —

Vin. Fye, fye, you need not ravish *Christina* sure, that loves you so.

Ran. Is it she! *Lydia* all this while? how am I gull'd, and *Vincent* in the Plot too?

Lyd. Now false *Ranger*.

Ran. Now false *Christina* too; you thought I did not know you now, because I offer'd you such an unusual civility.

Lyd. You knew me, I warrant you knew too, that I was the *Christina* you follow'd out of the Park last night; that I was the *Christina* that writ the letter too.

Ran. Certainly, therefore I wou'd have taken my revenge, you see, for your tricks.

Val. Is not this the same Woman that took refuge in your House last night, Madam?

[*To Christina.*

Chri. The very same.

Val. What, Mr. *Ranger*, we have chop'd, and chang'd, and hid our *Christina*'s so long, and often, that 'ae last, we have drawn each of us our own?

Ran. Mr. *Valentine* in *England*! the truth on't is, you have juggled together, and drawn without my knowledge; but since she will have it so, she shall wear me for good and all now.

[*Goes to take her by the hand.*

Lyd. Come not near me.

Ran. Nay, you need not be afraid, I wou'd ravish you, now I know you.

Lyd. And yet, *Leonore*, I think 'tis but justice, to pardon the fault I made him commit?

[*Apart to Leonore, Ranger listens.*

Ran. You consider it right, Cousin; for indeed you are but merciful to yourself in it.

Lyd. Yet, if I wou'd be rigorous, though I made a blot, your over-sight has lost the game.

Ran. But 'twas rash Womans play, Cousin, and ought not to be play'd again, let me tell you.

To them Dapperwit.

Dap. Who's there? who's there?

Ran. Dapperwit.

Dap. Mr. *Ranger*, I am glad I have met with you, for I have left my just now, in the House at Mulberry Garden, to come and pick up some Friends in the Park here, to sup with us.

Ran. Your Bride! are you marry'd then; where is your Bride?

Dap. Here at Mulberry Garden, I say, where you, these Ladies, and Gentle-
men, shall all be welcome, if you will afford me the Honour of your Company.

Ran. With all our hearts; but who have you marry'd, *Lucy*?

Dap. What, do you think I wou'd marry a Wench? I have marry'd an
Heireſs worth Thirty Thouſand Pound, let me periſh.

Vin. An Heireſs worth Thirty Thouſand Pound!

Dap. Mr. *Vincent*, your Servant, you here too?

Ran. Nay, we are more of your Acquaintance here (I think) go, we'll fol-
low you, for if you have not diſmiſs'd your Parſon, perhaps we may make him
more work. [*Exeunt.*]

The Scene changes to the Dining-room, in Mulberry Garden-Houſe.

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, Gripe, Mrs. Martha, Joyner, Croſsbite, Lucy.

Sir Sim. 'Tis as I told you, Sir, you ſee.

Gripe. Oh graceleſs Babe, marry'd to a Wit! an idle, loytering, flandering,
foul-mouth'd, beggerly VVit; Oh that my Child ſhould ever live to marry a
VVit;

Joyner. Indeed, your VVorſhip had better ſeen her fairly buried, as they ſay.

Croſ. If my Daughter, there, ſhou'd have done ſo, I wou'd not have gi'n her
a groat.

Gripe. Marry a VVit!

Sir Sim. Mrs. *Joyner*, do not let me loſe the [*To Joyner.*]
VVidow too; for if you do, (betwixt Friends) I and my ſmall annuity are both
blown up; it will follow my Eſtate. [*Aside.*]

Joyner. I warrant you: [*Aside.*]

Flip. Let us make ſure of Sir *Simon* to night, [*To Joyner.*]
Or ——— [*Aside.*]

Joyner. You need not fear it; like the Lawyers, while my Clients endeavour
to cheat one another, I in juſtice cheat 'em both. [*Aside.*]

Gripe. Marry a VVit!

Enter Dapperwit, Ranger, and Lydia, Valentine, Chriſtina, and Vincent.

Dapperwit ſtops 'em, and they ſtand all behind.

Dap. VVhat is he here, *Lucy* and her Mother? [*Aside.*]

Gripe. Tell me how thou can'ſt to marry a VVit?

Mart. Pray be not angry, Sir, and I'll give you a good reaſon.

Gripe. Reaſon for marrying a VVit!

Mart. Indeed, I found my ſelf ſix months gone with Child, and ſaw no hopes
of your getting me a Husband, or elſe I had not marry'd a VVit, Sir.

Joyner. Then you were the VVit.

Gripe. Had you that reaſon? nay, then ——— [*Holding up his hands.*]

Dap. How's that! [*Aside.*]

VVho wou'd have thought, *Dapperwit*, you wou'd have marry'd a [*Aside.*]

Well, Thirty Thouſand Pound will make me amends; I have known [*To Ran.*]
wink, and fall on for five or ſix.

come, Sir, to give me joy? [*To Gripe and the reſt.*]

you and you? well, unbid gueſts are doubly welcome ———

Sir

Sir Simon, I made bold to invite these Ladies, and Gentlemen, for you must know, Mr. Ranger, this worthy Sir Simon, do's not only give me my Wedding-Supper, but my Mistress too; and is as it were my Father.

[To Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Then I am as it were a Grand-father to your new Wife's, *hans en kelder*; to which you are but as it were a Father; there's for you again, Sir — ha ha —

Ran. Ha, ha, ha —

[To Vincent.

Dap. Fools sometimes say unhappy things, if we wou'd mind 'em; but — what, Melancholy at your Daughter's Wedding, Sir?

Gripe. How deplorable is my condition?

Dap. Nay, if you will rob me of my Wench, Sir, can you blame me for robbing you of your Daughter? I cannot be without a Woman.

Gripe. My Daughter, my Reputation, and my Money gone — but the last is dearest to me; yet at once I may retrieve that, and be reveng'd for the loss of the other; and all this by marrying *Lucy* here: I shall get my Five Hundred Pound again, and get Heirs to exclude my Daughter, and frustrate *Dapperwit*; besides, 'tis agreed on all hands, 'tis cheaper keeping a Wife than a Wench [Aside.

Dap. If you are so Melancholy, Sir, we will have the Fiddles, and a Dance to divert you; come.

A Dance.

Gripe. Indeed, you have put me so upon a merry Pin, that I resolve to marry too.

Flip. Nay, if my Brother come to marrying once, I may too; I swore I wou'd, when he did, little thinking —

Sir Sim. I take you at your word, Madam.

Flip. Well, but if I had thought you wou'd have been so quick with me —

Gripe. Where is your Parson?

Dap. What, you wou'd not revenge your self upon the Parson?

Gripe. No, I wou'd have the Parson revenge me upon you; he shou'd Marry me.

Dap. I am glad you are so frolick, Sir; But who wou'd you Marry?

Gripe. This innocent Lady.

[Pointing to Lucy.

Dap. That innocent Lady?

Gripe. Nay, I am impatient, Mrs. Joyner, pray fetch him up if he be yet in the House.

Dap. We were not Marry'd here; but you cannot be in earnest.

Gripe. You'll find it so; since you have rob'd me of my House-keeper, I must get another.

Dap. Why? she was my Wench.

Gripe. I'll make her honest then.

Cros. Upon my repute he never saw her before: but will your Worship Marry my Daughter then?

Gripe. I promise her, and you, before all this good Company, to morrow will make her my Wife.

Dap. How!

Ran. Our Ladies, Sir, I suppose, expect the same Promise from us.

Val. They may be sure of us without a Promise; but let us (if we can) be theirs, to be sure of them.

Dap. But will you marry her to Morrow? —

Gripe. I will verily.

Dap. I am undone then, ruin'd let me perish.

Sir Sim. No, you may hire a little Room in *Covent-Garden*, and set up a *Coffee-House*; you, and your Wife, will be sure of the Wits custom.

Dap. Abus'd by him, I have abus'd!

Fortune our Foe, we cannot over-wit,

By none but thee, our projects are Cross-bit.

Val. Come, dear Madam, what yet angry? Jealousie sure is much more pardonable before Marriage than after it; but to morrow, by the help of the Parson, you'll put me out of all my fears.

Chri. I am afraid then you wou'd give me my revenge, and make me Jealous of you; and I had rather suspect your Faith, than you shou'd mine.

Ran. Cousin *Lydia*, I had rather suspect your Faith too, than you shou'd mine; therefore let us e'en marry to Morrow, that I may have my turn of watching, doging, standing under the Window, at the Door, behind the hanging, or —

Lyd. But if I cou'd be desperate now, and give you up my liberty; cou'd you find in your heart to quit all other engagements, and voluntarily turn your self over to one Woman, and she a Wife too? cou'd you away with the insupportable bondage of Matrimony?

Ran. You talk of Matrimony as irreverently, as my Lady *Flippant*? the bondage of Matrimony, no —

The end of Marriage, now is liberty,

And two are bound—to set each other free.

EPILOGUE Spoken by Dapperwit.

NOW my Brisk Brother of the Pit, you'll say,
I'm come to speak a good word for the Play;

But (Gallants) let me perish, if I do,

For I have Wit, and Judgment, just like you;

Wit never partial, Judgment free and bold,

For Fear or Friendship never bought or sold,

Nor by good Nature to be Cajol'd.

Good Nature in a Critick were a crime,

Like mercy in a Judge, and renders him

Guilty of all those faults, he do's forgive:

Besides, if Thief from Gallows you reprieve,

He'll cut your Throat; so Poet sav'd from shame,

In damn'd Lampoon, will murder your good Name.

Tet in true spite to him, and to his Play,

(Good faith) you shou'd not rayl at 'em to day;

But to be more his Foe, seem most his Friend,

And so maliciously, the Play commend,

That he may be betray'd to Writing on,

And Poet let him be, to be undone.

FINIS.